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Franklin Falls

ZINZENDORFF.



Leavitt, Lord & Co.

ZINZENDORFF,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

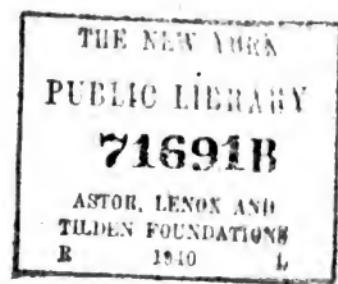
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P R E F A C E.

THE poem which enters into the title of this volume, owes its existence to a recent opportunity of personal intercourse with that sect of Christians, who acknowledge Zinzendorff as their founder; and who, in their labors of self-denying benevolence, and their avoidance of the slight, yet bitter causes, of controversy, have well preserved that sacred test of discipleship, "to love one another."

Many of the poems, in the present collection, were suggested by the passing and common incidents of life. If, in their elements, there is a deficiency of the "wonderful and wild," it is hoped they will not be found destitute of that moral essence, which springs

up as freshly in the trodden vale, as on the cliff where the cloud settles.

Should it be objected that too great a proportion of them are elegiac, the required apology would fain clothe itself in the language of the gifted Lord Bacon:—"If we listen to David's harp, we shall find as many hearse-like harmonies, as carols; and the pencil of Inspiration hath more labored to describe the afflictions of Job, than the felicities of Solomon."

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, Conn. Sept. 1835.

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ERRATA.

Page	15	17th line, for "cane-roof'd," read cone-roof'd.
102	9	for "utile," read little.
127	19	for "should linger and learn," read, should linger here and learn.
157	3	for "prison," read prism.
179	14	for "the," read thee.
210	3	for "be thy requiem," read thy requiem be.
214	4	for "beam'd," read learn'd.

ZINZENDORFF.

TWAS Summer in Wyoming.—

Through the breast

Of that fair vale, the Susquehannah roam'd,
Wearing its robe of silver, like a bride.
Now, with a noiseless current, gliding slow
'Mid the rich velvet of its curtaining banks,
It seem'd to sleep,—o'erwearied with the toil
By which its roughly-guarded ¹ pass was won ;—
Then hastening on, refreshing and refresh'd,
Vaunting the glories of its sylvan home,
It spread a mirror to the changeful cloud
In chrystral beauty.—

From the towering hills

That revel in the sunbeams, or retire
Shrouded in mist, the gazing traveller drinks
Such deep delight, as only Nature gives,
When in her garb of loveliness, she mocks
Pencil, and power of speech.—Yon pictur'd chart
Of lawn, and stream, and mountain's shadowy height,
And rocks in quiet verdure meekly bower'd,
Rebukes the pomp of cities, and the strife
Of competition, and the lust of gold.
—The landscape ² hath a legend : hurrying steps
Of stately warriors,—valor, prompt and proud
To guard its nested loves,—the fatal wile

Of Indian ambuscade,—the madden'd shout
Of massacre,—the flight of timid forms,
And moan of sireless orphans.

History's hand,

And minstrel's art have glean'd these glowing tints,
And wrought them deftly, like a crimson thread
Into their tissues. 'Tis not mine to choose
A theme so bold,—though I have trod the turf
Whose greenness told what moisture nourish'd it,
And ponder'd pensive o'er that monument
Where the last relics ³ of the fallen brave
Were gathered by their sons. Yes, I have mus'd
'Mid that enchanted scenery, while the thrill
From kindred bosoms, and the vision'd past
Was strong within my soul. Yet, 'tis not meet
That I should tell of war, or woo the tones
Of that high harp, which, struck in England's halls,
Hath made the name of Gertrude, and the lore
Of sad Wyoming's chivalry, a part
Of classic song.

A wilder scene I seek,

Ancient and barren, where the red man reign'd
Sole lord, before the usurping plough had dar'd
A trace of subjugation, or the eye
Of Science, in its darkling bed discern'd
The slumbering ⁴ Anthracite, which now doth draw
Exploring thousands to its ebon throne,
Like a swarth king of Afric. The high arch
Of the cloud-sweeping forest, proudly cast
A solemn shadow, for no sound of axe
Had taught the monarch Oak dire principles
Of revolution, or brought down the Pine,

Like haughty baron from his castled height.
Thus dwelt the kings of Europe,—ere the voice
Of the crusading monk, with whirlwind tone
Did root them from their base, with all their hosts,
Tossing the red-cross banner to the sky,
And pouring like a torrent o'er the wilds
Of wondering Asia.

The rude native tribes,
Fast by the borders of the gentle streams
Carv'd out their heritage, with rival heart,
And hand uncourteous. There the Shawanese
With surest arrow stay'd the flying deer,
And the bold Delaware with giant arm
Impell'd his swift canoe. In feudal pride
Oft the fierce chieftains led their eager hosts
To savage battle, or with oathless truce
Drew back in transient brotherhood, the hordes
Of wrathful warriors. In their cane-roof'd homes
Some budding virtues sprang as best they might
Beneath the chill and baleful atmosphere
Of savage life. The dusky mother prest
Her new-born infant with a rapturous thrill
Of unimagin'd love, and the glad sire
Saw his young boy with eager skill maintain
Against the opposing stream a venturous path,
Or firmer knit his sinews in the chase.
The lip of woman told the treasur'd lore
Of other times, and 'mid the tasks and toils
Of vassalage kept bright the historic chain,
As the sad vestal nurs'd the sacred fire.
—The young kept silence, while the old man spake,
And bowing down before the hoary head,

Rever'd the wisdom that doth wait on time.
 —But still the cloud of paganism did blight
 The blossom of their virtues, brooding dark
 With raven pinion o'er the gloomy soul.

—I said that Summer glow'd.—

And with her came
 A white-brow'd ⁵ stranger. Open as the day
 Was his fair, noble forehead, and his voice
 In its sweet intonations, threw a charm
 O'er rudest spirits. Not with more surprise
 Gaz'd the stern Druid, 'mid his mystic rites,
 On good Augustine, preaching words of peace,
 What time with hatred fierce and unsubdued,
 The woad-stain'd Briton in his wattled ⁶ boat
 Quail'd 'neath the glance of Rome.

Thus fix'd the eye
 Of jealous chieftains and their wandering clans
 On Zinzendorff.—Sought he to grasp their lands ?
 To search for gold ? to found a mystic throne
 Of dangerous power ? Where the red council-fire
 Disturb'd the trance of midnight,—long they sate
 Weighing his purpose with a cautious tone
 In grave debate. For scarce they deem'd it truth
 That from a happy home, o'er Ocean's wave,
 He thus should come, to teach a race unknown
 Of joys beyond the tomb. Their fetter'd minds
 Still blindly rul'd by groping ignorance,
 Sank at the threshhold of such bold belief,
 And with the skeptic doubt of modern times,
 The Missionary scann'd.

Yet some there were
 Who listen'd spell-bound to his charmed words ;

The sick man drew them as the dew of heaven
 Into his fever'd bosom, while the hymn
 That swell'd melodious o'er the open grave,
 Sooth'd the sad mourner 'mid his heathen woe.
 Young children gather'd at his beaming smile,
 And learn'd the name of Jesus,—pressing close
 To touch his garments, or to feel his hand
 Resting upon their heads. Such power hath love
 O'er sweet simplicity, ere Sin hath taught
 Suspicion's lesson.

By the bed of death

The Teacher stood, where the grim Sachem fear'd
 By many tribes, found in his latest foe
 The first that conquer'd him. The man of might
 Stretch'd on his couch of skins, supinely lay,
 With every nerve unstrung. Around his hut,
 The deer's proud antler, and the wampum belt
 Dispos'd 'mid gaudy implements of war,
 The well-fill'd quiver, and the feathery plume,
 Show'd that pre-eminence which rank doth claim
 'Mid penury and pain. One youthful form,
 A lonely daughter, last of all his flock,
 Tended his dying pillow, with the care
 Of native tenderness. The water-gourd
 She wept as he rejected,—and her eye
 Gleam'd through its tears so beautiful, that none
 Who gaz'd, remember'd that her cheek was dark.
 She was a gentle creature, and she rose
 Parting the raven tresses from her brow,
 And bowing down with reverent grace, to meet
 The Man of God.

He mark'd the mortal strife

2*

Draw near its close. Cold dews of suffering stood
Upon the rigid temples, and the breath
Was like that sob, with which the swimmer breasts
The surge that whelms him. Then, a tone subdued
And tremulous with pity and with zeal,
Breath'd in his ear.

“ Chieftain ! the ice of death
Is in thy breast. Doth aught disturb the soul,
Or make its passage fearful ?”

—No reply,
Save one impatient gesture from the hand
That seem'd a skeleton's.

“ Hast thou not been
A man of blood ?—Repent thee ! Speak the name
Of Jesus, the Redeemer. Let thy thought
Ascend with mine, my brother, while I plead
Acceptance for thee at the gate of heaven,
Through Him, who from the tyrant Death did wrest
The victory.”

But then a hollow voice
Brake forth, like smother'd thunders.

“ Go thy way
Thou Christian Teacher ! I can deal with Death
Alone. Hence ! Hence ! I charge thee bring no soul
That thou hast nurtur'd, to the red man's heaven,
For we will drive it thence. My glorious sires !”
—And then he murmur'd what they could not hear,
But ever and anon, he fiercely rais'd
His clenching hand as in the battle strife,
To draw the arrow to its utmost head,
Or sway the cleaving hatchet. All in vain ;
Like Priam's dart, the airy weapon fell,

For cold paralysis did work within
The citadel of life.

There was a pause
Of awful stillness. Had the flickering lamp
Fail'd in that passion-gust ?

The daughter bent
In agonizing dread, and wip'd the dew
That stood like drops of rain, and laid her cheek
Close by the ghastly sleeper,—hoping still
To hush him gently to a peaceful dream,
As the meek mother lulls her troubled child.
But when no more the gasp, or fitful sigh
Stole on her, breathless listening,—starting up,
She threw the casement higher, and the breeze
Blew freshly o'er his brow, while grey-rob'd dawn
Did faintly struggle with the stars, to force
Her way, the gentle minister of peace
To an ungrateful world. Then first the pang
Of poignant grief that rives the proudest soul
Came over that young creature, and she cried
With a loud voice of misery, to him
Who pray'd the Christian's prayer, that he would lift
The voice of supplication for her sire,
Ere it should be too late. There was a sound
From that low couch,—a sudden gush of breath,
As if the grave did chafe with prison'd winds,
Driving them thence. The eye unsealing, flash'd
Strange fires, like frost-bound Hecla. Anger rush'd
In furious storm-cloud o'er that tortur'd brow,
Making Death horrible.

“ And art thou false,
False to our own Great Spirit ? Thou, the last

Of all my nested warblers,—dost thou turn,
And pluck the wing that shelter'd thee? I would
That He who hurls the lightning!"—but the curse
Froze on his lip, and with a hideous groan
As if in combat with some giant-foe,
Who to his lion heart had found the way,
He wrestled and fell back, to rise no more.

—Then rose the sob of weeping, and the prayer
Of earnest faith. It was a fearful scene,—
Death, and young sorrow, and unearthly zeal,
Dividing that low mansion. But the space
Was brief for such companionship. The tramp,
And heavy tread of many hastening feet
Came echoing o'er the threshhold; for the throng
Who held their Sachem as a god, did shrink
To see him die. But now the deed was done,
And the stern Chief lay as the powerless babe,
They who would tremble at his awful glance,
And do his bidding with a spaniel's dread,
Now casting off their abject terror, stood
Closest beside him. From the weaker sex
Burst forth a tide of sympathy, to soothe
The orphan maid: for pity cannot quit
Her hold on woman, whatsoe'er her garb
Or lineament may be, howe'er the sun
Have burnt dark tints upon her, or the yoke
Of vassalage and scorn have bow'd her low,
Still doth her spirit at another's pain
Vibrate, as the swept lyre.

'Twas sad to see
Those hoary elders pacing one by one,
So slow and mournful from their fallen chief,

And ranging in mute circle on the lawn
 Beside his dwelling. There a towering line
 Of warriors gather'd, such as ne'er had blench'd
 To follow where he pointed, tho' the earth
 Were saturate with blood, or the keen lance
 Of ambush glitter'd thro' the quivering leaves.
 Now, sad of heart, with heads declin'd they stood,
 As men who lose the battle. Flocking still,
 Came mothers with their sons. A nation mourn'd
 Like one vast family. No word was spoke,
 As when the friends of desolated Job,
 Finding the line of language all too short
 To fathom woe like his, sublimely paid
 That highest homage at the throne of Grief,
Deep silence.

Now the infant morning rais'd
 Her rosy eyelids. But no soft breeze mov'd
 The forest lords to shake the dews of sleep
 From their green coronals.

The curtaining mist
 Hung o'er the quiet river, and it seem'd
 That Nature found the summer night so sweet,
 That 'mid the stillness of her deep repose
 She shunn'd the wakening of the King of Day.
 —But there, beneath a broad and branching Elm
 Stood forth the holy man, in act to speak.
 There was a calmness on his pallid brow,
 That told of heaven. His stainless life had flow'd
 Pure as his creed. Had the whole warring world
 With passion quaked, he would have made himself
 A green oasis 'mid the strife of tongues,
 And there have dwelt secure.

Strong words, whose power
Can tame the sinful heart, he boldly spake,
And show'd to penitence, the faith which heals
The barb of anguish and the sting of death,
And rooting by the lowly cross, sheds forth
Such fragrance as immortal spirits breathe
In cloudless climes. The Gospel's glorious hope,
Its rule of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its foot of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark that fails not 'mid the storm of death,
He spread before them, and with gentlest tone,
Such as a brother to his sister breathes,
His little sister, simple and untaught,
Did urge them to the shelter of that ark
Which rides the wrathful deluge.

Not a breath

Disturb'd the tide of eloquence. So fix'd
Were that rude auditory, it would seem
Almost as if a nation had become
Bronz'd into statues. Now and then a sigh,
The unbidden messenger of thought profound,
Parted the lip ; or some barbarian brow
Contracted closer in a haughty frown,
As scowl'd the cynick, 'mid his idol-fanes,
When on Mars-Hill the inspired Apostle preach'd
Jesus of Nazareth.

The furrow'd soil

Was soft with sorrow. So the rain of heaven
Sank deeper in. What seed was sown that hour,
Eternity can tell. Brief human breath
Pour'd on the wind-harp of a hallow'd lip,
What marvels hath it wrought ! and stranger still,

One ink-drop on a solitary thought,
Hath stirr'd the mind of millions.

Where a cliff

Doth beetle rudely from the mountain's breast,
And dripping with a chilly moisture, make
Perpetual weeping,—was a lonely cave
Rock-ribbed and damp.—There dwelt an aged man,
Fear'd as a prophet by the unletter'd race
Who sought his counsel, when some work of guilt
Did need a helper. Wondrous tales they told
Of dark communion with a shadowy world,
And of strange power to rule the demon shapes
That shriek'd and mutter'd in his cell, when storms
At midnight strove. Of his mysterious date
The living held no record. Palsying Age
The elastick foot enchain'd, which erst would climb
The steep unwearied—and the wither'd flesh
Clos'd round each sinew with a mummy's clasp ;
As if some gaunt and giant shape, embalm'd
At Thebes or Memphis, when the world was young,
Should from its stain'd sarcophagus, protrude
The harden'd limb, and send a grating sound
From the cold, lungless breast.

And there he dwelt,

Austere,—in such drear hermitage, as seem'd
Most like a tomb, gleaning from roots and herbs
Scant nutriment. Fierce passions, brooding dark
In solitude and abstinence, had made
A hater of mankind. But when he heard
Of the white stranger, with his creed of love
Seducing red men's hearts, hot seeds of wrath
Smoulder'd within his bosom,—like a fire

Fed in some charnel house. Revenge he vow'd,
And every day was one long troubled pause
Of meditation, on that dire resolve.

—Thus he, who taught to Earth the taste of blood,
Ere scarce that music of the stars was hush'd,
Which joyous o'er creation's cradle flow'd,
Cover'd the thought of murder in his heart,
Till his red eye-balls started, and like flame
Glar'd on his shepherd-brother, as he led
On by the living streams, his trusting flock.

—So strong in that misanthrope's bosom wrought
A frenzied malice, that his cavern's bound
Oft echoed to hoarse shouts, as fancy drew
The image of his enemy, and rais'd
A mimick warfare. Then uplifting high
The tomahawk, he impotently dream'd
To have his will,—but at each foil'd attempt
Cursing the weakness of his blasted arm,
He struck his bony hand against his breast
In self-consuming madness. Every night
Was one wild, tossing vision,—acting o'er
The deed of murder, with a baffled aim,
And deeming at each random stroke, the foe
Did multiply himself.

At length, strong hate
Wrought out its likeness in the savage breast
Of three grim warriors. Listening oft and long
To his dire incantations, forth they went,
Once, when the pall of darkness veiled the scene,
To do his purpose. Keenly were they arm'd,
And inly fortified by every spell
Which that dire necromancer could devise,

To bind obedience. Eagerly they sought
 The abode of Zinzendorff. His lonely tent
 Rear'd its white bosom thro' embowering shades,
 As if some remnant of the wintry snow
 Did linger there. The earliest cluster'd grape
 Was in its purple flush,—and twilight's breath
 Betray'd a chill, prelusive of the sway
 Of sober autumn.

Through a narrow chasm
 In his slight screen, glar'd the assassins' eyes,
 As when the fierce and fell hyena finds
 A fleshless carcase. Stern, and hard of heart !
 How can ye cleave the breast that thrills for you
 With generous sympathy ? But what know they
 Of soft compunction ?—train'd from youth to tear
 The scalp fresh bleeding from the tortur'd brain,
 To mock the victim, writhing at the stake,
 Or hurl the mother, with her wailing babe
 Into the wigwam's flame.

Slow midnight came,
 In dark companionship with sullen storms,
 The red pine blazes in the old man's cave,
 And every moment mov'd with leaden feet,
 To him who trac'd it on the dial-plate
 Of mad impatience and unresting sin.
 At length, above the tempest's groan, is heard
 The sound of rushing steps. His blood-shot eyes
 Look'd fiery glad,—as when a tiger marks
 The unwary traveller near his jungle draw.
 And as the mother of Herodias snatch'd
 The reeking charger, and the sever'd head
 Of John the Baptist,—so he thought to grasp

The expected trophy of that soft, brown hair,
Sprinkled with early grey. The warriors spake
With troubled tone.

“ Father and Prophet, hear !
We found him in his tent. Alone he sat,
Like some unwelcom'd stranger. Pity came
Into our breasts, so mournful was his brow.
Still was his death-doom deep within our souls,
For so we promis'd thee. But then he bow'd
His knee to earth, and with a tender voice
Did pray for Indians.

To the white man's God
He bore our nation, with a brother's heart :
Yea, even for our little ones besought
A place in heaven. But still we firmly grasp'd
The murderous knife, for so we promis'd thee.
Then, with a feathery instrument, he trac'd
That speaking leaf, by which the pale-fac'd men
Bewitch and bow the mind. On the white page
He seem'd to press his soul, and pour it out,
As the bruis'd plant doth give its essence forth
From every leaf and fibre. While we gaz'd,
Lo ! the dread king of venomous serpents came,
The fatal rattle-snake. ? So then we saw
That our Great Spirit sent Death's messenger,
To punish him. We waited to behold
His swollen visage, and his eyes suffus'd
With mortal pain.

Prophet ! we speak the truth !
Believe our words. Close coiling at his feet,
With brightening tints, and wrath-enkindled eyes,
The reptile lay. But then, as if subdued

By the meek magic of his beaming smile,
 Drew back the forked tongue, that quivering long'd
 To dart the o'erflowing poison,—and with crest
 Erect and sparkling, glided slow away.
 Doubtless he is a god. We dared not raise
 The hand against him. For the power forsook
 Our limbs, and scarcely have we totter'd here
 To bring thee tidings. Prophet! bid no more
 His blood be shed. The deadly snake disarm'd,
 The might departing from our warrior-hearts
 That never blench'd in battle, or turn'd back
 From mortal man, bear witness, he is god."

—A shriek rose sharply o'er the warring winds,
 "Hence,—curs'd and woman-hearted! Would this arm
 Might but one moment claim its ancient strength,
 And lay ye low. Hence! See my face no more!"
 —And so he drove them forth, tho' sounding rains
 Did roar like torrents down the rifted rocks,
 And lightnings cleaving wide the trembling cloud,
 Blacken'd the forest-pines.

Time sped his wing,
 And on the Lehigh's solitary banks
 The Missionary stood. O'er that smooth tide
 The pensive moon wrote out in pencil'd rays,
 The same deep language, which his boyhood read
 Upon the billowy Rhine. Mild evening's breeze,
 Stirring the interlacing of the elms,
 And the slight reeds that fring'd the river's brink,
 Pour'd the same soul-dissolving sigh, that swept
 His own Lusatian forests. *And the voice—*
The writing, were of God.

Serene he mus'd,

And felt that every spot on earth's wide breast
 Was home to him, for there his Father dwelt,
 And all men were his brethren. On that hour
 Of high devotion, had the Spoiler stole,
 His step had been mistaken for the sound
 Of the soft rustling of angelic wings ;
 And the soul's welcome to the stroke that rends
 Its fond yet strange affinity with clay,
 Had been sublime.

To the believer, Death
 Is like the lion which the strong man slew,
 And the sweet bees did with their waxen robe
 And food ambrosial, cover.

He who found
 This blest enthusiasm nerve his weary heart,
 Like manna in the wilderness,—now toil'd
 As a colonial sire, and thoughtful plann'd
 'Mid shelter'd vallies, and aspiring hills,
 Fit refuge for his brethren. Hence arose
 Fair Bethlehem,⁸ with all its pure retreats
 And peaceful hearths ; and still its classic dome,
 Where Education with the plastic mind
 Of childhood, minglèth holiest elements,
 Doth venerate his name.

But now the hour
 That took the shepherd from his simple flock
 Drew swiftly on : for still the cherish'd form
 Of her⁹ whose cheek was pallid for his sake,
 Blent with his every dream,—and thoughts of home,
 Sweet household music, long-remember'd tones,
 The far-off echoes of his stately halls,
 Had like the voice of many waters, been

Strong in his inmost soul, even while he spake
 Salvation's message to the forest-child.
 —His work of mercy done, the white sail spreads
 From that broad city's queenly breast, which bears
 The filial impress of the Man of Peace,
 Who on the blended rivers bas'd her throne,
 And grav'd upon his signet-ring her name
 Of love fraternal.

But behold ! a throng
 In uncouth garments, and with savage port
 Invade the parting scene. With wondering eye,
 But lip immoveable, they scan the domes,
 And groves, and gardens. Native pride restrain'd
 The voice of admiration, but the seal
 Of abject wretchedness seem'd deeper stamp'd
 Upon their forehead, as they mark'd a pomp
 Ill understood, and felt in their own realm
 Their sceptre broken. Not more wildly gleam'd
 The tangled elf-locks of the astonish'd Gauls,
 Who, trampling on the majesty of Rome,
 Saw her grave ¹⁰ Senate in their curule chairs,
 And deem'd them demi-gods.

The red-brow'd sires,
 And the sad mothers with their little ones
 Fast by their side, and on their shoulders bound
 Their helpless infants, throng'd to deprecate
 The Teacher's absence, and with tears implore
 A parting blessing. Kneeling on the strand
 His tender supplication, by their sobs
 Oft interrupted, sought the ear of heaven.
 —Long with despairing eye, they watch'd the bark
 Cutting its watery path. Methought their brows

By misery furrow'd o'er, in strongest lines,
Like some deep-trac'd phylactery, reveal'd
Prophetic sentence of their fated race,
Which unrelenting Destiny should waste,
Till like the mighty Mastodon, it leave
Nought save its bones among us.

In the heart

Of Zinzendorff, their murmur'd farewell tones
Dwelt,—a perpetual cadence, prompting oft
The interceding prayer. It duly rose
Ere the bright morn sprang up from Ocean's bed,
Or when amid his garniture of clouds
Purple and gold, the gorgeous Sun retir'd
Into his kingly chamber. Then a voice
As of a father for an outcast son,
O'er whom his pity yearns, blent with the sigh
And surging thunder of the sleepless wave,
Bearing the sorrows of the wandering tribes
To Mercy's ear.

Nor were their souls forgot
By their kind shepherd, 'mid the joys of home,
While 'neath his own ¹¹ baronial shades, he sought
To spread a banner o'er the sect he lov'd,—
That peaceful sect, which like the man who lean'd
On Jesus' breast at supper, best imbib'd
The spirit of his love.

Hail ! ye who went
Untiring teachers to the heathen tribes,
And kneeling with your barbarous pupils, shap'd
Their rude articulations into prayer.
Ye fear'd nor tropic suns, nor polar ice,
Nor subterranean cell. Ye did not shrink

To plant the Tree of Life 'mid arctic frosts,
 That the poor Greenlander ¹² might taste its fruits,
 And 'mid his rayless night, devoutly bless
 The Sun of Righteousness. Ye did not shun
 The savage in his ignorance, or loathe
 To share his hut.

The passport to your care
 Hath been the sign of deepest wretchedness,
 The Ethiop forehead, ¹³ and the name of slave.
 —Teach us your self-denial,—we who strive
 To pluck the mote out of our brother's creed,
 Till Charity's forgotten plant doth ask
 The water-drop, and die. With zeal we watch
 And weigh the *doctrine*, while the *spirit* 'scapes ;
 And in the carving ¹⁴ of our cummin-seeds,
 Our metaphysical hair-splittings, fail
 To note the orbit of that star of love
 Which never sets.

Yea, even the heathen tribes
 Who from our lips, amid their chaos dark,
 First heard the "fiat lux,"—and joyous came
 Like Lazarus from his tomb, do wilder'd ask
 What guide to follow ; for they see the men
 They took for angels, warring in their paths
 For *Paul*, and for *Apollos*, till they lose
 The certainty that they are *one in Christ*,—
 That simple clue, which thro' life's labyrinth
 Leads to heaven's gate.

Each differing sect, whose base
 Is on the same Pure Word, doth strictly scan
 Its neighbor's superstructure,—point and arch,—
 Buttress and turret,—till the hymn of praise,

That from each temple should go up to God,
Sinks in the critic's tone. All Christendom
Is one eternal burnishing of shields,
And girding on of armor. So the heat
Of border warfare checks Salvation's way.
The free complexion of another's thought
Doth militate against him, and those shades
Of varying opinion and belief,
Which sweetly blended with the skill of love,
Would make the picture beautiful, are blam'd
As features of deformity.

We toil

To controvert,—to argue,—to defend,
Camping amidst imaginary foes,
And vision'd heresies. Even brethren deem
A name of doctrine, or a form of words
A dense partition-wall,—tho' Christ hath said,
“ *See, that ye love each other.*”

So, come forth,

Ye, who have safest kept that Saviour's law
Green as a living germ within your souls,
Followers of Zinzendorff, stand meekly forth,
And with the gentle panoply of love,
Persuade the sister churches to recall
Their wasted energies, and concentrate
In one bright focal point, their quenchless zeal,
Till from each region of the darken'd globe,
The everlasting Gospel's glorious wing
Shall wake the nations to Jehovah's praise.

NOTES.

1 " *Its roughly-guarded pass.*"

The Susquehanna, after entering Luzerne county, Penn., breaks into the valley of Wyoming, near the mouth of the Lackawana, through a narrow mountain chasm, rendered rugged by perpendicular rocks, and after pursuing a serpentine course, for twenty miles, breaks again out of the valley, at a similar pass, called the "Nanticoke gap."

2 " *The landscape hath a legend.*"

The battle fought on the 3d of July, 1778, between the Americans, under the command of Col. Zebulon Butler, and the British, led on by Col. John Butler, and a Chieftain of mixed blood, named Brandt, is sometimes styled both in history and poetry, the "Wyoming massacre."

3 " *Where the last relics of the fallen brave
Were gather'd by their sons.*"

"The occasion of our assembling in this spot, is one of no common interest: to witness the re-interment of the mutilated bones of our ancestors, and to perform the grateful duty of laying the corner-stone of their monument. This work of gratitude is destined, in the language of the eloquent Webster, to 'rise till it meet the sun in his coming,— till the earliest light of morning shall gild it, and the parting day linger and play upon its summit.' "—*Oration of Chester Butler, Esq., on laying the corner-stone of the Wyoming monument, July 3d, 1833.*

4 " *The slumbering Anthracite.*"

The beautiful vale of Wyoming is distinguished by the anthracite coal formation. This valuable mineral, as exhibited in that region, is unsurpassed in richness and brilliancy, and in quantity apparently inexhaustible.

5 " *A white-brow'd stranger.*"

Count Zinzendorff, a nobleman of Saxony, the restorer of the ancient church of the United Brethren, or Moravians, performed a mission to the Indians of Wyoming, in the year 1742. He is asserted to have been the first white person who had ever visited that portion of the Shawanese and Delaware tribes, who held dominion in the valley.

6 " *The wood-stain'd Briton, in his wattled boat.*"

The boats of the ancient Britons were composed of basket-work, covered with the skins of beasts. So much were these baskets admired in Rome, and such quantities were exported there, that one of their satirical poets ridicules them as among the luxuries of his countrymen, more than a hundred years after the conquest of the British isles.

7 " *The fatal rattle-snake.*"

"Zinzendorff was alone in his tent, seated upon a bundle of dry weeds that composed his bed, and engaged in writing, when the Indians, who had determined to murder him, approached to execute their bloody commission. It was night, and the cool air of September rendered a small fire necessary to his comfort. A curtain formed of a blanket, and hung upon pins, was the only guard to the entrance of his tent. The heat of the fire aroused a large rattle-snake, which crawled slowly into the tent, and passed over his feet undiscovered. At this moment, the assassins softly approached the door of his tent, and slightly removing the curtain, contemplated the venerable man, too deeply absorbed in meditation to notice either their approach, or the venomous snake that lay extended before him. At this sight, even savage hearts shrank from their deadly purpose, and suddenly quitting the spot, they bore tidings that the white man was in league with the Great Spirit."—*Chapman's History of Wyoming.*

8 " *Fair Bethlehem.*"

Zinzendorff, during his second voyage to America, founded the colony of Bethlehem,—a spot celebrated both for its beauty of scenery, and its school, where the elements of piety are blended with the whole process of education, and presented to the young mind, as the source of daily serenity and joy, as well as of future felicity.

9 " *Of her whose cheek was pallid for his sake.*"

His wife, the sister of the Prince of Reuss, was distinguished for every excellence, and during his absence, took charge of his estates, and devoted their surplus income to the works of benevolence in which he delighted.

10 " *Saw her grave Senate in their curule chairs,
And deem'd them demi-gods.*"

When the victorious Gauls, under Brennus, entered Rome, they found the ancient Senators sitting in their order, in the Forum, undaunted and unmoved. Their splendid habits, their majestic gravity, and venerable countenances, awed the barbarians into reverence, and they offered them adoration, as tutelar deities.

11 " *Neath his own baronial shades, he sought
To spread a banner o'er the sect he lov'd.*"

Zinzendorff's estate of Bertholsdorf, in Lusatia, was a refuge for the persecuted Moravians. He, with the Countess, continually extended to them patronage and assistance. By them, the settlement of Herrnhut was protected and cherished, from whence the first missionaries went forth, to the West Indies and to Greenland, somewhat more than a century since.

12 " *That the poor Greenlander might taste its fruits.*"

The centennial anniversary of the Moravian missions in Greenland, was celebrated on the 20th of January, 1833, with great joy and grati-

tude among the different congregations, established by those devoted servants of the cross, in that inclement clime.

13 " *The Ethiop forehead, and the name of slave.*"

More than 40,000 of the converts, connected with the 214 mission stations, maintained by the United Brethren, in different parts of the globe, are either dwellers in Africa, or slaves in the West India islands.

14 " *And in the carving of our cummin-seeds.*"

"Antoninus Pius, from his desire to search into the least differences, was called 'cumini sector,'—the carver of cummin-seeds."—*Fulter's Holy State.*

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty.—Yea, flow on
 Unfathom'd and resistless.—God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet.—And he doth give
 Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
 Eternally,—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence,—and upon thy rocky altar pour
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare
 To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
 Or love, or sorrow,—'mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
 Retire abash'd. For he doth sometimes seem
 To sleep like a spent laborer,—and recall
 His wearied billows from their vexing play
 And lull them to a cradle calm:—but thou,
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,

Dost rest not, night or day,—The morning stars,
 When first they sang o'er young Creation's birth,
 Heard thy deep anthem, and those wrecking fires
 That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
 This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
 Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears
 On thine unending volume.

Every leaf

That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
 Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
 Yet tremble at the baptism.—Lo!—yon birds
 Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
 Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them,
 To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
 The snowy leaflets of thy vapour wreath,
 For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
 Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
 Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
 Familiarly of thee.—Methinks, to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
 Or woo thee to the tablet of a song
 Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul

A wondering witness of thy majesty,
 But as it presses with delirious joy
 To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God, through thee.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. CORNELIUS.

"All ye that were about him, bemoan him, and all ye that know his name, say, how is the strong staff broken,—and the beautiful rod?"—*Jer. xlviij.* 17.

AND can it be,—and *can it be*, that thou art on thy bier?
 But yesterday, in all the prime of life's unspent career!
 I've seen the forest's noblest tree laid low, when lightnings shine,
 The column in its majesty torn from the temple-shrine,
 Yet little deem'd that ice so soon would check thy vital stream,
 The Sun that soar'd without a cloud, thus veil its noon-day beam.

I've seen thee in thy glory stand, while all around was hush'd,
 And seraph-wisdom from thy lips, in tones of music gush'd,
 For thou, with willing hand didst lay at morning's dewy hour,
 Down at the feet of Him, who gave thy beauty and thy power,
 Thou, for the helpless sons of woe, didst plead with words of flame,
 And boldly strike the rocky heart, in thy Redeemer's name.

And lo! that withering race who fade as dew 'neath summer's ray,
 Who like the uprooted weed are cast from their own earth away,
 Who trusted to a nation's vow, yet found that faith was vain,
 And to their fathers' sepulchres return no more again;
 They need thy blended eloquence of lip, and eye, and brow,
 They need the righteous for a shield, *why art thou absent now?*

Long shall thine image freshly dwell beside their native streams,
 And 'mid their wanderings far and wide, illume their alien dreams,
 For Heaven to their sequester'd haunts thine early steps did guide,
 And the Cherokee hath bless'd thy brow, his cabin-hearth beside,
 The Osage orphan sadly breath'd her sorrows to thine ear,
 And the lofty warrior knelt him down with strange, repentant tear,

I see a consecrated throng, of youthful watchmen rise,
Each girding on for Zion's sake, their heaven-wrought panoplies,
These, in their solitudes obscure, thy generous ardor sought,
And gathering with a tireless hand, up to the temple brought
These, while the altar of their God, they serve with hallow'd zeal,
Shall wear thy memory on their heart, an everlasting seal.

I hear a voice of wailing from the islands of the sea,
Salvation's distant heralds mourn on heathen shores for thee,
Thy constant love, like Gilead's balm, refresh'd their weary mind,
And with the bless'd Evart's name thine own was strongly twin'd,
But thou, from this illusive scene, hast like a vision fled,
Just wrapp'd his mantle o'er thy breast, then join'd him with the
dead.

Farewell ! we yield thee to the tomb, with many a bitter tear,
Tho' 'twas not meet a soul like thine should longer tarry here,
Fond, clustering hopes have sunk with thee, that earth can ne'er
restore.

Love casts a garland on thy turf, that may not blossom more,
But thou art where the dream of hope doth in fruition fade,
And Love, immortal and refin'd, glow on without a shade.

"The Lord is in his holy temple;—let all the Earth *keep silence* before him."

THE Lord is on his holy throne,
He sits in kingly state ;
Let those who for his favor seek,
In humble silence wait.

Your sorrows to his eye are known,
Your secret motives clear ;
It needeth not the pomp of words,
To pour them on his ear.

Doth Death thy bosom's cell invade ?
Yield up thy flower of grass ;
Swells the world's wrathful billow high ?
Bow down, and let it pass.

Press not thy purpose on thy God,
Urge not thine erring will,
Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,
Nor doubt thy Maker's skill.

True Prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the *deep silence* of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

THE DEAD HORSEMAN.

Occasioned by reading the manner of conveying a young man to burial, in the mountainous region about Vettie's Giel, in Norway.

Who's riding o'er the Giel so fast,
'Mid the crags of Utledale ?
He heeds nor cold, nor storm, nor blast ;
But his cheek is deadly pale.

A fringe of pearl, from his eye-lash long,
Stern Winter's hand hath hung ;
And his sinewy arm looks bold and strong,
Though his brow is smooth and young.

O'er his marble forehead, in clusters bright
Is wreathed his golden hair ;
His robe is of linen, long and white,
Though a mantle of fur scarce could 'bide the blight
Of this keen and frosty air.

God speed thee now, thou horseman bold !
For the tempest awakes in wrath ;
And thy stony eye is fixed and cold
As the glass of thine icy path.

Down, down the precipice wild he breaks,
Where the foaming waters roar ;
And his way up the cliff of the mountain takes,
Where man never trod before.

No checking hand to the rein he lends,
On slippery summits sheen ;
But ever and aye his head he bends
At the plunge in some dark ravine.

Dost thou bow in prayer, to the God who guides
 Thy course o'er such pavement frail ?
 Or nod in thy dream o'er the steep, where glides
 The curdling brook, with its slippery tides,
 Thou horseman, so young and pale ?

Swift, swift o'er the breast of the frozen streams,
 Toward Lyster-Church he hies—
 Whose holy spire, 'mid the glaciers gleams,
 Like a star in troubled skies.

Now stay, thou ghostly traveller—stay
 Why haste in such mad career ?
 Be the guilt of thy bosom as dark as it may,
 'Twere better to purge it here.

On, on ! like the winged blast he wends,
 Where moulder the bones of the dead—
 Wilt thou stir the sleep of thy buried friends,
 With thy courser's tramping tread ?

At a yawning pit, whose narrow brink,
 'Mid the swollen snow was grooved,
 He paused. The steed from that chasm did shrink,
 But the rider sate unmoved.

Then down at once, from his lonely seat,
 They lifted that horseman pale,
 And laid him low in the drear retreat
 And poured in dirge-like measure sweet,
 The mournful funeral wail.

Bold youth ! whose bosom with pride had glowed
 In a life of toil severe—
 Did'st thou scorn to pass to thy last abode
 In the ease of the slothful bier ?

Must thy own good steed, which thy hands had drest,
 In the fulness of boyhood's bliss,
 By the load of thy lifeless limbs be prest,
 On a journey so strange as this !

Yet still to the depths of yon rock-barred dell.
 Where no ray from heaven hath glowed,
 Where the thundering rush of the Markefoss fell,
 The trembling child doth point and tell,
How that fearful horseman rode.

THE TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

"A Josephine,*—Eugene et Hortense."—1825.

EMPERRESS of Earth's most polish'd clime !
 Whose path of splendid care
 Did touch the zenith-point of hope,
 The nadir of despair,—
 Here doth thy wrong'd, confiding heart
 Resign its tortur'd thrill,
 And slumber like the peasant's dust,
 All unconcern'd and still ?

* The inscription on the tomb of the Empress Josephine,—erected by her children.

Did Love yon arch of marble rear
 To mark the hallow'd ground ?
 And bid those doric columns spring
 With clustering roses crown'd ?
 Say,—did it come with gifts of peace
 To deck thy couch of gloom ?
 And like relenting Athens bless
 Its guiltless martyr's tomb ?

No !—no ! the stern and callous breast
 Sear'd by Ambition's flame,
 No kindlings of remorse confess
 At thy remember'd name :
 Alike the Corsican abjur'd
 With harsh and ingrate tone,
 The beauty and the love that pav'd
 His pathway to a throne.

He turn'd in apathy to gaze
 Upon his Austrian bride,
 Nor heard dark fate's prophetic sigh
 That warn'd the fall of pride ;
 Saw not the vision'd battle shock
 That cleft his Babel fame,
 Nor mark'd on far Helena's rock
 A sepulchre of shame.

France !—France ! by thy indignant zeal
 Were fitting honors paid,
 And did thy weeping fondness sooth
 The unrequited shade ?

Bad'st thou yon breathing statue strive
Her faultless form to show ?
But rushing on in reckless mirth,
That empire answered,—*No.*

Then lo !—a still small voice arose
Amid that silence drear,
Such voice as from the cradle bed
Doth charm the mother's ear,
And then, methought, two clasping hands
Were from that marble thrust,
And strange their living freshness gleam'd
Amid that sculptur'd dust.

Empress ! the filial blossoms nurs'd
Within thy bosom's fold,
Surviv'd the wreath that traitor Love
To heartless glory sold,—
Those hands thy monument have rear'd
Where pausing pilgrims come ;
That voice thy mournful requiem pour'd
Though all the world was dumb.

JOY IN BELIEVING.

"God desireth to have no slaves in his family."—Rev. Dr. Hawes.

MAN asketh homage. When his foot doth stand
On earth's high places, he exacteth fear
From those who serve him. His proud spirit loves
The quick observance of an abject eye
And cowering brow. His dignity he deems,
Demands such aliment,—and he doth show
Its evanescence, by the food he seeks
To give it nutriment. Yea, more than this—
He o'er his brother rules, with scourge and chain,
Treading out Nature's charities, till life
To madness tortur'd, or in misery crush'd,
Goes, an accusing spirit, back to God.
—But He, the Eternal Ruler, willetteth not
The slavery of the soul. His claim is love,
A filial spirit, and a song of praise.
It doth not please him, that his servants wear
The livery of mourning. Peace is sown
Along their pilgrim path,—and holy hopes
Like birds of Paradise, do sweetly pour
Melodious measures,—and a glorious faith
Springs up o'er Jordan's wave. Say, is it meet
For those who wear a Saviour's badge, to sigh
In heathen heaviness, when earthly joys
Quench their brief taper? or go shrinking down
As to a dungeon, when the gate of Death
Opes its low valve, to show the shining track
Up to an angel's heritage of bliss?

FAITH.

WRAP'T in the robe of Faith,
Come to the place of prayer,
And seal thy deathless vows to Him
Who makes thy life his care.

Doth he thy sunny skies
O'ercloud with tempest gloom?
Or take the idol of thy breast,
And hide it in the tomb?

Or bid thy treasur'd joys
In hopeless ruin lie?
Search not his reasons,—wait his will,
Thy record is on high.

For should he strip thy heart
Of all it boasts on earth,
And set thee naked and alone,
As at thy day of birth,

He cannot do thee wrong,
Those gifts were his at first,
Draw nearer to his changeless throne,
Bow deeper in the dust.

Calls he thy parting soul
Unbodied from the throng?
Cling closer to thy Saviour's cross,
And raise the victor song.

THE INDIAN'S WELCOME TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"On Friday, March 16th, 1622, while the colonists were busied in their usual labors, they were much surprised to see a savage walk boldly towards them, and salute them with, 'much welcome, English, much welcome, Englishmen.' "

Above them spread a stranger sky
 Around, the sterile plain,
 The rock-bound coast rose frowning nigh,
 Beyond,—the wrathful main :
 Chill remnants of the wintry snow
 Still chok'd the encumber'd soil,
 Yet forth these Pilgrim Fathers go,
 To mark their future toil.

'Mid yonder vale their corn must rise
 In Summer's ripening pride,
 And there the church-spire woo the skies
 Its sister-school beside.
 Perchance 'mid England's velvet green
 Some tender thought repos'd,—
 Though nought upon their stoic mien
 Such soft regret disclos'd.

When sudden from the forest wide
 A red-brow'd chieftain came,
 With towering form, and haughty stride,
 And eye like kindling flame :
 No wrath he breath'd, no conflict sought,
 To no dark ambush drew,
 But simply to the *Old World* brought,
The welcome of the New.

That *welcome* was a blast and ban
Upon thy race unborn.
Was there no seer, thou fated Man !
Thy lavish zeal to warn ?
Thou in thy fearless faith didst hail
A weak, invading band,
But who shall heed thy children's wail,
Swept from their native land ?

Thou gav'st the riches of thy streams,
The lordship o'er thy waves,
The region of thine infant dreams,
And of thy fathers' graves,
But who to yon proud mansions pil'd
With wealth of earth and sea,
Poor outcast from thy forest wild,
Say, who shall welcome thee ?

DEATH AMONG THE TREES.

DEATH walketh in the forest.

The tall pines

Do woo the lightning-flash, and through their veins
The fire-cup, darting, leaves their blackened trunks
A tablet, for ambition's sons to read
Their destiny. The oak, that centuries spared,
Grows grey at last, and like some time-worn man,
Stretching out palsied arms, doth feebly cope
With the destroyer, while its gnarled roots
Betray their trust. The towering elm turns pale,

And faintly strews the sere and yellow leaf,
 While from its dead arms falls the wedded vine.
 The sycamore uplifts a beacon brow,
 Denuded of its honors, and the blast,
 Swaying the withered willow, rudely asks
 For its lost grace, and for its tissued leaf,
 With silver lined.

I knew that blight might check
 The sapling, ere kind Nature's hand could weave
 Its first spring-coronal, and that the worm,
 Coiling itself amid our garden-plants,
 Did make their unborn buds its sepulchre.
 And well I knew how wild and wrecking winds
 Might take the forest-monarchs by the crown,
 And lay them with the lowliest vassal-herb ;
 And that the axe, with its sharp ministry,
 Might, in one hour, such revolution work,
 As all Earth's boasted power could never hope
 To re-instate. And I had seen the flame
 Go crackling up, amid yon verdant boughs,
 And with a tyrant's insolence dissolve
 Their interlacing, till I felt that man,
 For sordid gain would make the forest's pomp
 Its heaven-raised arch and living tracery,
 One funeral-pyre.

But, yet I did not deem
 That pale Disease amid those shades would steal
 As to a sickly maiden's cheek, and waste
 The power and plenitude of those high ranks,
 Which in their peerage and nobility,
 Unrivalled and unchronicled, had reigned.
 And so I said if in this world of knells

And open tombs, there lingereth one whose dream
 Is of aught permanent below the skies,
 Even let him come and muse among the trees,
 For they shall be his teachers ; they shall bow
 To Wisdom's lessons his forgetful ear,
 And, by the whisper of their faded leaves,
 Soften to his sad heart the thought of death.

THE TEST OF LIFE.

Death is the test of life.—All else is vain.
 The adulation of a fickle crowd,
 Victory's proud pomp, and Glory's pageant train
 Fleet like the tinting of yon summer cloud.
 This Cæsar felt, in that tremendous hour
 When the dire dagger search'd his breast so well,
 When all unsated still his lust of power
 Upbraiding man's ingratitude,—he fell.

Go,—spread of him of Macedon the tale
 To the dull bacchanalian's vacant eye,—
 How he beneath whose frown the world grew pale,
 Sank in the wine cup like, like a drowning fly.
 For Sweden's madman, ask Pultowa's walls,
 But pensive Memory in her treasure-cell,
 The widow's wail and orphan's moan recalls
 That lawless murderer's obsequies to swell.

How died Napoleon ?—Ask Helena's rock,—
 Ask the wild surge which with its hoariest crest
 Was but a whisper to the earthquake shock
 Of the vex'd passions warring in his breast.

And thus *they* died, whom blind and erring men
 Like demi-gods have worshipp'd,—and their names
 In liquid fire have flow'd from history's pen,
 As baleful Etna o'er the concave flames.

Look to the friends of peace,—who never sought
 The blood-stain'd laurel from its bed to tear,
 But in stern toils, or bowers of studious thought
 Still made the welfare of mankind their care.
 See Howard, dauntless 'mid the dungeon-gloom,
 Or latent poisons of a foreign sky,—
 Hear Addison while sinking to the tomb,
 Exclaim in hope, “Behold a Christian die!”

Thou too, blest Raikes,—philanthropist divine,—
 Who all unconscious what thy hands had done,
 Didst plant that germ whose glorious fruit shall shine
 When from his throne doth fall yon darken'd sun,
 The Sabbath-bell, the teacher's hallow'd lore,
 The countless throng from childhood's snares set free,
 Who in sweet strains the Sire of Heaven adore,
 Shall point in solemn gratitude to thee.

Who was with Martyn when he breath'd his last,
 A martyr pale on Asia's burning sod?
 Who cheer'd his spirit as it onward past
 From its frail house of clay?—*The host of God.*
 Oh! ye who trust when earthly toils shall cease
 To find a home in Heaven's unerring clime,
 Drink deeper at the fountain-head of peace,
 And cleanse your spirits for that world sublime.

"Thy mercies are new every morning and fresh every moment."
—David.

OH Thou, who bounteous to their need,
Dost all earth's thronging pilgrims feed,
Dost bid for them in every clime,
The pregnant harvest know its time,
The flocks in verdant pastures dwell,
The corn aspire, the olive swell,
Fain would we bless that sleepless Eye
That doth our hourly wants descry.
—Thou pour'st us from the nested grove,
The minstrel-melody of love,
Thou giv'st us of the fruitage fair
That summer's ardent suns prepare,
Of honey from the rock that flows,
And of the perfume of the rose,
And of the breeze, whose balm repairs
The sickening waste of toils and cares.
—And tho', perchance, the ingrate knee
Bends not in praise, or prayer to thee,
Tho' Sin that stole with traitor-sway
Even Peter's loyalty away,
May strongly weave its seven-fold snare,
And bring dejection and despair ;
Yet not the morn with cheering eye
More duly lights the expecting sky,
Nor surer speeds on pinion light
Each measur'd moment's trackless flight,
Than comes thy mercy's kind embrace
To feeble man's forgetful race.

FUNERAL OF DR. MASON F. COGGSWELL.

THERE was a throng within the temple-gates,
 And more of sorrow on each thoughtful brow
 Than seemed to fit the sacred day of praise.
 Neighbor on neighbor gaz'd, and friend on friend,
 Yet few saluted ; for the sense of loss
 Weigh'd heavy in each bosom. Even the dirge
 Breath'd tremulous—for holy music moan'd
 A smitten worshipper. Grave, aged men
 Bow'd down their reverend heads in wondering woe,
 That he who so retain'd the ardent smile
 And step elastic of life's morning prime,
 Should fall before them. Stricken at his side
 Were friendships of no common fervency
 Or brief endurance ; for at his glad tone
 And the warm pressure of his hand, awoke
 Fond recollections, scenes of boyhood's bliss,
 And the unwounded trust of guileless years,
 Glassing themselves in each congenial breast.
 —The men of skill, who cope with stern disease,
 And wear Hygeia's mantle, offering still
 Fresh incense at her shrine, with sighs deplore
 A brother and a guide : while yon mute train,
 Whose *speech is in the eye,** pour forth their tears,
 As o'er a father lost. Say,—can ye tell
 How many now amid this gather'd throng
 In tender meditations deeply muse,
 Coupling his image with their gratitude ?
 He had stood with them at the gate of Death,

* The deaf and dumb,—of whose Asylum in Hartford, he was a founder and patron.

And pluck'd them from the Spoiler's threatening grasp,
Or when the roses from their pilgrimage
Were shorn, walk'd humbly with them 'neath the cloud
Of God's displeasure. Such remembrances
Rush o'er their spirits with a whelming tide,
Till in the heart's deep casket, tribute tears
Lie thick, like pearls. And doubt not there are those
'Mid this assembly, in the scanty robes
Of penury half wrapt, who well might tell
Of ministrations at their couch of woe,
Of toil-spent nights, and timely charities,
Uncounted, save in heaven.

"Tis well!—"Tis well!

The parted benefactor justly claims
Such obsequies. Yet let the Gospel breathe
Its strain sublime. A hallow'd hand hath cull'd
From the deep melodies of David's lyre,
And from the burning eloquence of Paul,
Balm for the mourner's wound. But there's a group
Within whose sacred home, yon lifeless form
Had been the centre of each tender hope,
The soul of every joy. Affections pure
And patriarchal hospitality,
Like household deities, presiding spread
Their wings around, making the favor'd cell
As bright a transcript of lost Eden's bliss,
As beams below. Now round that shaded hearth
The polish'd brow of radiant beauty droops,
Like the pale lilly-flower, by pitiless storms
Press'd and surcharg'd. There too areadden'd eyes
More eloquent than words, and bursting hearts;
Earth may not weigh such grief. '*Tis heal'd in Heaven.*

THOUGHTS FOR MOURNERS.

"In wrath he remembereth mercy."

YE say 'tis *Mercy* that doth rend
Of Hope the healthful root?
The visitation of a *Friend*
That blights affection's fruit?
A *tender florist's care*, that pours
The riven blossoms round,
And strews the richest, fairest flowers
To perish on the ground?
Yon tree, that from the noon-day heat
Did shield the traveler's head,
And when the tempest fiercely beat
A sheltering shadow spread,
Whose boughs reviving fragrance cast
O'er all the sons of ill,
Behold it smitten 'neath the blast,
Say ye 'twas *Mercy* still?
Yea, *Mercy*! Not that erring love
Which man to man extends,
But *His* high discipline above
Who pain with wisdom blends.
Beyond the cloud, the pang, the tomb
Of this terrestrial clod,
Where trees of glory ever bloom
Fast by the throne of God,
Ye in the page of Heaven may read
With seraph students blest,
How Sorrow's sternest teachings lead
To everlasting rest.

MEETING OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH WITH THE
LACKAWANNA.

RUSH on glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride ;
She doth haste from the realm of the darken'd mine,
To mingle her murmur'd vows with thine ;
Ye have met,—ye have met, and the shores prolong
The liquid tone of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son,
And the child of the Indian king have done ;
I saw thy bride, as she strove in vain,
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain,
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude, in a mountain cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell ;
The path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest she hid from thee,
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on in the joy of thy blended tide,
Thro' the land where the blessed Miquon* died ;
No red man's blood, with its guilty stain,
Hath cried unto God, from that broad domain,—
With the seeds of peace they have sown the soil,
Bring a harvest of wealth, for their hour of toil.

* A name given by the Aborigines to their friend William Penn.

On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
 Where the waving foliage is rich and deep ;
 I have stood on the mountain and roam'd thro' the glen
 To the beautiful homes of the western men,
 Yet nought in that realm of enchantment could see,
 So fair, as the vale of Wyoming to me.

POETRY.

MORN on her rosy couch awoke,
 Enchantment led the hour,
 And mirth and music drank the dews
 That freshen'd Beauty's flower,
 Then from her bower of deep delight,
 I heard a young girl sing,
 "Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

The Sun in noon-day heat rose high,
 And on with heaving breast,
 I saw a weary pilgrim toil
 Unpitied and unblest,
 Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
 Forth from a broken string,
 "Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

"Twas night, and Death the curtains drew,
 'Mid agony severe,
 While there a willing spirit went
 Home to a glorious sphere,

Yet still it sigh'd, even when was spread
 The waiting Angel's wing,
 "Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

"For unto you is born this day, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

BEHOLD! the ancient darkness breaks
 That o'er the nations lay,
 And morn with purple banner wakes,
 Bright herald of the day ;
 Hush'd are hoarse Sinai's thunders dread,
 Descending Angels sing,
 And crush'd Judea lifts the head,
 To hail her promis'd king.

The harp of prophecy, so long
 By sacred impulse fir'd,
 Hath breath'd its last entrancing song,
 And with the seer expired.
 Symbol and type, whose linked chain
 At Eden's bower began,
 No more in dim and shadowy strain
 Announce the truth to man.

Messiah comes ! what throne of state
 Shall win his glorious sway ?
 Throw wide Oh Earth ! thy loftiest gate
 To give the highest way :

Yet not to men of royal birth,
 Not to the sons of fame,
 Not in the sceptred pomp of earth,
 The meek Redeemer came.

No.—Turn to Nazareth's noteless bound,
 Turn to the lowliest train
 Who slowly o'er that thronging ground
 Press on with pilgrim pain,
 Turn to the manger, scorn'd and lone,
 By humblest inmates trod,
 And in devotion's deepest tone
 Revere the Son of God.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1832.

THE Year is past, whose hand hath led
 Oft to the chamber of the dead,
 Whose track amid remember'd time,
 In many a race, and many a clime,
 Is mark'd by agonies and fears,*
 And clustering graves and mourner's tears.

But we, the spar'd, the favor'd band,
 Who saw Destruction's Angel nigh,
 Felt his dark pinion rushing by,
 Yet still among the living stand,
How heed we Heaven's protecting hand?
 Marks every day its annal fair,
 With faithful deeds of pious care ?
 And bears each moment as it flies,
 Some grateful message to the skies ?

* Alluding to the cholera.

Oh parted year!—how many a name
High on the sun-bright lists of fame,
Thou, with thy black and blotting pen
Hast stricken from the scroll of men.

I see a train of funeral gloom,
On Auburn's mount, a new made tomb,
Thou, nurtur'd 'neath a German sky,
With noble form, and piercing eye,
Why cam'st thou to our vales,—*to die?*
We hop'd thy wisdom to explore,
And calmly weigh thy treasur'd lore,
And feel, while fled the glowing hour,
Of eloquence, and truth the power,
But no!—we mourn thy sever'd span,
Spurzheim!—the friend of mind and man,
And sadly give thy native skies,
More than a stranger's sympathies.

Another knell is on the blast,
And art thou gone, *the last,—the last,*
Our only link that bound sublime
The present, to the ancient time?
Sage of pure mind, and patriot hand,
The last of that illustrious band,
Who in the day of fear and blood
Firm round their cradled country stood,
With diamond Egis dar'd the strife,
And gave their signet for her life,
Carroll!—though many a year had shed
Its whiteness o'er thy reverend head,
Yet as the Oak, when storms divide
Its lofty compeers from its side,

Is held more sacred, more sublime,
For every gather'd tint of time ;
So we, with pride, thy crown survey'd,
And drew the stranger to thy shade.

Fain had we brought our babes to thee,
And bow'd them at thy patriarch-knee,
Thy blessing on their heads to crave,
But thou art resting in thy grave,
Yes,—thou art safe from storms, and we,
Still ride upon a boisterous sea.

Come,—to yon consecrated ground,
Where in each nook and hillock round,
Some bleeding heart its gold hath sow'd,—
And rest thee on this hallow'd mound
Where many a tear hath flow'd.
Cold o'er its snows the moon-beams shine,—
Rever'd Cornelius ! is it thine ?
Oh ! smitten in thy glory's prime,
From polar zone to tropic clime,
Thy name is where the heathen sees
Salvation's banner on the breeze,
And minglest with their grieving prayer
Who speak a Saviour's message there.

The wandering red man hears its tone,
And starts amid the forest lone,
Or from his home's poor refuge driven,
An outcast 'neath the face of Heaven,
Turns hopeless toward the western Sea,
And as he weeps, remembers thee.
Oh forest brethren ! long distrest,

Unheard, unanswering, and oppress,
 When to your sad and earth-bow'd eyes,
 Shall such another friend arise ?
 With zeal to save your exil'd throng,
 With breast indignant at their wrong ?
 When shall such smile of heavenly birth
 Beam kindly by your cabin-hearth ?
 Or when such voice of angel-strain
 Breathe pitying o'er your souls again ?

Genius the dazzled eye may blind,
 And mystic Science awe mankind,
 And patriot faith, and hoary time,
 From history win the meed sublime,
 But thou,—whose loss on distant shores,
 Bereav'd Benevolence deplores,
 A fame like thine, so pure, so deep,
 Earth's tablet is too frail to keep,
 And the proud wordling's vision gay,
 Too dull its semblance to survey.
 Oh ! honor'd more than speech can tell,
True Servant of the Cross !—Farewell !

Readers and Friends !—a new-born Year
 Inspires for you, the wish sincere ;
 May Heaven's unmeasur'd bounty bless
 With health, and peace, and happiness,
 A cheerful hearth, a fire-side friend
 When Winter's wrathful storms descend,
 A pious joy when green-rob'd Spring
 And Summer suns their offerings bring,
 A grateful heart 'mid Autumn's store,
 Till seasons change for you no more.

LADY JANE GREY.

On seeing a picture representing her engaged in the study of Plato.

So early wise ! Beauty hath been to thee
 No traitor-friend, to steal the key
 Of knowledge from thy mind,
 Making thee gorgeous to the eye,
 Flaunting and flushed with vanity,
 Yet inly blind.

Hark ! the hunting-bugle sounds,
 Thy father's park is gay,
 Stately nobles cheer the hounds,
 Soft hands the coursers sway,
 Haste to the sport, away ! away !
 Youth, and mirth, and love are there,
 Lingerest thou, fairest of the fair,
 In thy lone chamber to explore
 Ancient Plato's classic lore ?
 Old Roger Ascham's gaze
 Is fix'd on thee with fond amaze ;
 Doubtless the sage doth marvel deep,
 That for philosophy divine
 A *lady* could decline
 The pleasure 'mid yon pageant-train to sweep,
 The glory o'er some five-barr'd gate to leap,
 And in the toil of reading Greek,
 Which many a student flies,
 Find more entrancing rhetoric
 Than Fashion's page supplies.

Ah sweet Enthusiast ! happier far for thee
 Had'st thou thy musing intellectual joy,
 Thro' life indulg'd without alloy,
 In solitary sanctity,
 Nor dar'd Ambition's fearful shrift,
 Nor laid thy shrinking hand on Edward's fatal gift.

The Crown ! The Crown ! It sparkles on thy brow,
 I see Northumberland with joy elate,
 And lo ! thy haughty sire doth bow
 Honoring thy high estate,
 She too, of royal Tudor's line,
 Who at her early bridal shone
 Resplendent on the Gallic throne
 Humbleth her knee to thine,
 She, the austere beautiful, whose eye
 Check'd thy timid infancy
 Until thy heart's first buds folded their leaves to die,
 Homage to her meek daughter pays,
 Yet, sooth to say, one fond embrace,
 One kiss, such as the peasant-mother gives
 When on its evening bed her child she lays,
 Had dearer been to thee, than all their courtly phrase.

The Tower ! The Tower ! thou bright-hair'd beauteous one !
 There, where the captive's breath
 Had sigh'd itself in bitterness away,
 Where iron nerves have wither'd one by one,
 And the sick eye shut from the glorious sun
 Hath grop'd o'er those grim walls till idiocy
 Made life like death,
 There must thy resting be ?

Not long ! Not long ! What savage band
'Neath thy grated window bears
The headless form, the lifeless hand
Of him, the magic of whose love could charm away thy cares ?
Guilford ! thy husband ! yet the gushing tear
Scarce flows to mourn his fate severe,
Thy pious thought doth rise
To those unclouded skies,
Where he, amid the angel train
Doth for thy coming wait, to part no more again.

The Scaffold ! Must it be ! Stern England's Queen
Hast thou such doom decreed ?
Dwells Draco's soul beneath a woman's mien ?
Must guileless youth and peerless beauty bleed ?
Away ! Away ! I will not see the deed !
Fresh drops of crimson stain the new-fall'n snow,
The wintry winds wail fitfully and low ;—
But the meek victim is not there,
Far from this troubled scene,
High o'er the tyrant Queen,
She finds that amaranthine crown, which sinless seraphs wear.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Addressed to a South American Poet.

Thou, of the living lyre,
Thou, of the lavish clime,
Whose mountains mix their lightning-fire
With the storm-cloud sublime,
We, of thy sister-land,
The empire of the free,
Joy as those patriot-breasts expand
With genial Liberty.

Thy flowers their fragrant breast
Unfold to catch its ray,
And Nature's velvet-tissued vest
With brighter tint is gay,
More blest thy rivers roll
Full tribute to the Sea,
And even Woman's cloister'd soul
Walks forth among the free.

Aid with thy tuneful strain
Her bold, adventurous way,
Bid the long-prisoned mind attain
A sphere of dazzling day,
Bid her unpinion'd foot
The cliffs of knowledge climb,
And search for Wisdom's sacred root
That mocks the blight of time.

Say,—“ Break oblivion’s sleep
 And toil with florist’s art,
 To plant the germs of virtue deep
 In childhood’s fruitful heart,
 To thee, the babe is given
 Fair from its glorious Sire,
 Go,—nurse it for the King of Heaven,
 And *He* will pay the hire.”

THE HALF-CENTURY SERMON.

Look back, look back, ye gray-hair’d worshippers,
 Who to this hill-top, *fifty years ago*
 Came up with solemn joy ; withdraw the folds
 Which curtaining Time hath gather’d o’er the scene,
 And show its coloring. The dark cloud of war
 Faded to fitful sun-light, on the ear,
 The rumor of red battle died away,
 And there was peace in Zion. So a throng
 O’er a faint carpet of the Spring’s first green
 Were seen in glad procession hastening on,
 To set a watchman on these sacred walls.
 Each eye upon his consecrated brow
 Was fondly fix’d, for in its pallid hue,
 In its deep, thought-worn, spiritual lines,
 They trac’d the mission of the Crucified,
 The hope of Israel. High the anthem swell’d,
 Ascribing glory to the Lord of Hosts,
 Who in his bounteous goodness thus vouchsaf’d
 To beautify his temple.

The same strain
 Riseth once more ; but where are they who pour’d

Its tones melodious, on that festal day ?
Young men and maidens of the tuneful lip,
The bright in beauty, and the proud in strength,
With bosoms fluttering to illusive hope,
Where are they ? Can ye tell, ye hoary Ones,
Who few, and feebly leaning on your staves
Bow down, where erst with manhood's lofty port
Ye tower'd as columns ? They have sunk away,
Brethren and sisters, from your empty grasp
Like bubbles on the pool, and ye are left,
With life's long lessons furrow'd on your brow.
Change worketh all around you. The lithe twig
That in your boyhood ye did idly bend
Maketh broad shadow, and the forest-king
Arching majestic o'er your school-day sports,
Mouldereth, to sprout no more. The little babe,
Ye as a plaything dandled, of whose frame
Perchance ye spake, as most exceeding frail
And prone to perish like the flower of grass,
Doth nurse his children's children on his knee.
—But still your ancient Shepherd's voice ye hear,
Tho' age hath quell'd its power, and well those tones
Of serious, saintly tenderness do stir
The springs of love and reverence. As your guide
He in the heavenward path hath firmly walk'd
Bearing your joys and sorrows in his breast,
And on his prayers. He at your household hearths
Hath spoke his Master's message, while your babes
Listening imbib'd, as blossoms drink the dew ;
And when your dead were buried from your sight,
Was he not there ?

His scatter'd locks are white
With the hoar-frost of time, but in his soul

There is no Winter. He, the uncounted gold
 Of many a year's experience richly spreads
 To a new generation, and methinks
 With high prophetic brow doth stand sublime
 Like Moses 'tween the living and the dead
 To make atonement. God's unclouded smile
 Sustain thee Patriarch ! like a flood of light
 Still brightening, till with those whom thou hast taught
 And warn'd in wisdom and with weeping love
 Led to the brink of Calvary's cleansing stream,
 Thou strike the victor-harp o'er sin and death.

DEATH OF THE WIFE OF A CLERGYMAN, DURING
 THE SICKNESS OF HER HUSBAND.

DARK sorrow brooded o'er the Pastor's home,
 The prayer was silent, and the loving group
 That sang their hymn of praise at even and morn
 Now droop'd in pain,—or with a noiseless step
 Tended the sick. It was a time of woe :
 Days measur'd out in anguish, and drear nights
 Mocking the eye that waited for the dawn.

They, who from youth by hallow'd vows conjoin'd,
 Had borne life's burdens with united arm,
 And side by side, its adverse fortunes foil'd,
 Apart,—an agonizing warfare fought
 With Nature's stern destroyer. Tidings past
 From couch to couch,—how stood the doubtful strife
 'Twixt life and death. They might not lay their hand
 Upon each other's throbbing brow,—or breathe
 The words of comfort, for Disease had set
 A gulf between them.

Hark ! what sound appall'd
 The suffering husband? 'Twas a mourner's sob
 Beside his bed.

" My Mother will not speak,
They say she's dead."

Art thou the messenger,
 Poor boy ! from whom the love that gently sooth'd
 Thy cradle moan,—that 'mid thy sports did trace
 The great Creator's name, and on thro' life
 'Mid all its wanderings and adversities
 Would still have clung to thee untir'd, unchang'd,
 Is blotted out forever? Thou dost tell
 A loss thou canst not measure.

She, the friend,
 The Mother, imag'd in those daughter's hearts,
 First, dearest, best-beloved,—who joy'd to walk
 The meek companion of a Man of God
 Hath given her hand to that Destroyer's grasp
 Who rifleth the clay cottage,—sending forth
 The immortal habitant. Fearless she laid
 Earth's vestments by.

And thou, whose tenderest trust
 Did strongly rivet on that marble form,
 Whose confidence in that cold breast was seal'd
 So fearlessly and long, lift up thy soul,
 " She is not here,—but risen." Show the faith
 Which thou hast preach'd to others, by its power
 In the dark night of trouble. Take the cross,
 And from thy bruised heart pour freshly forth
 The spirit of thy Lord, teaching thy flock
 To learn Jehovah's lessons,—and *be still.*

AGRICULTURE.

THE hero hath his fame,
 'Tis blazon'd on his tomb,
 But earth withholds her glad acclaim,
 And frowns in silent gloom :
 His footsteps on her breast
 Were like the Simoom's blast,
 And Death's dark ravages attest
 Where'er the Conqueror past.

By him her harvests sank,
 Her famish'd flocks were slain,
 And from the fount where thousands drank
 Came gushing blood like rain ;
 For him no requiem-sigh
 From vale or grove shall swell,
 But flowers exulting lift their eye,
 Where the proud spoiler fell.

Look at yon peaceful bands
 Who guide the glittering share,
 The quiet labor of whose hands
 Doth make Earth's bosom fair,
 For them the rich perfume
 From ripen'd fields doth flow,
 They bid the desert rose to bloom,
 The wild with plenty glow.

Ah ! happier thus to prize
 The humble, rural shade,
 And like our Father in the skies
 Blest Nature's work to aid,

Than famine and despair
 Among mankind to spread,
 And Earth our mother's curse to bear
 Down to the silent dead.

DEATH OF BEDA.

"Though the last illness of this learned and venerable man was severe, he spent the evening of his death, in translating the Gospel of St. John into the Saxon language. When told by his amanuensis that there remained but one more chapter, he urged him to proceed rapidly, saying that he had no time to lose.

"Master, there is now but one sentence wanting."

"Haste thee to write it."

"Master, it is done."

"Thou hast spoken truth—*it is done*. Take now my head between your hands, and move me, for it pleaseth me to sit over against the place where I was wont to pray, and where now sitting, I would yet invoke the Father."

"Being seated according to his desire, on the floor of his cell, he said, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' And, pronouncing the last word, he expired."

NORTHUMBIAN breezes freshly blew
 Around a cloistered pile,
 And Tyne, high-swoln with vernal rains,
 Was murmuring near the while ;
 And there, within his studious cell,
 The man of mighty mind,
 His cowled and venerable brow
 With sickness pale, reclined.

Yet still, to give God's word a voice,
 To bless the British Isles,
 He labored, while inspiring faith
 Sustained the toil with smiles ;

Still o'er the loved disciple's page
 His fervent spirit hung,
 Regardless though the grasp of pain
 Each shuddering nerve unstrung.

“Speed on!” Then flew the writer's pen
 With grief and fear perplexed,
 For Death's sure footstep nearer drew
 With each receding text.
 The prompting breath more faintly came—
 “Speed on!—his form I see—
 That awful messenger of God,
 Who may not stay for me.”

“*Master, 'tis done.*” “Thou speakest well,
 Life with thy lines kept pace”—
 They bare him to the place of prayer,
 The death-dew on his face;
 And there, while o'er the gasping breast
 The last keen torture stole,
 With the high watch-word of the skies,
 Went forth that sainted soul.

MISSIONS TO AFRICA.

Oh Afric ! famed in story,
 The nurse of Egypt's might,
 A stain is on thy glory,
 And quenched thine ancient light.
 Stern Carthage made the pinion
 Of Rome's strong eagle cower,
 But brief was her dominion,
 And lost her trace of power.

And thou, the stricken hearted,
 The scorned of every land,
 The diadem departed
 Dost stretch thy fettered hand ;
 How long shall misery wring thee,
 And none arise to save ?
 And every billow bring thee
 Sad tidings from the slave ?

Is not thy night of weeping,
 Thy time of darkness o'er ?
 Is not Heaven's justice keeping
 Its vigil round thy shore ?
 I see a watch-light burning
 High on thy mountain tower,
 To guide thy sons returning
 In Freedom's glorious power.

Thy pyramids aspiring,
 Unceasing wonder claim,
 And still the world admiring
 Demands their founder's name ;

But more enduring glory
 Shall settle on his head
 Who blest Salvation's story
 Shall o'er thy desert spread.

THE ORDINATION.

Up to thy master's work! for thou art sworn
 To do His bidding, till the hand of Death
 Strike off thine armour.—Not among the gaudes,
 And pomps and pleasures of this fleeting world
 Is thy vocation.—Thy deep vow denies
 To hoard its gold,—or truckle for its smile,
 Or bind its blood-stained laurel on thy brow,—
 —A nobler field is thine.—The soul!—The soul!—
 That is thy province,—that mysterious thing,
 Which hath no limit from the walls of sense.—
 No chill from hoary Time,—with pale decay
 No fellowship,—but shall stand forth unchang'd
 Unscorch'd amid the resurrection fires,
 To bear its boundless lot of good or ill,
 And thou dost take authority to aid
 This pilgrim-essence to a throne in Heaven
 Among the glorious harpers, and the ranks
 Of radiant seraphim and cherubim,
 Thy business is with that which cannot die,—
 Whose subtle thought the untravel'd universe
 Spans on swift wing, from slumbering ages sweeps
 Their buried treasures, scans the vault of Heaven,
 Weighing its orbs of light, and pointing out

Their trackless pathway through the blue expanse,
 Foils the red comet in its flaming speed,
 And aims to read the secrets of its God,
 ——Yet thou a son of clay, art privileg'd
 To make thy Saviour's image brighter still,
 In this majestic soul.

Give God the praise

That thou art counted worthy,—and lay down
 Thy lip in dust.—Bethink thee of *its loss*,—
 For He whose sighs on Olivet, whose pangs
 On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth
 Saith that it *may be lost*. Should it sin on
 Till the last hour of grace and penitence
 Is meted out, ah ! what would it avail
 Though the whole world with all its pomp and power
 And plumage, were its own ? what were its gain
 When the brief hour-glass of this life shall fail
 And leave remorse, no grave,—despair, no hope ?
 ——Up, blow thy trumpet sound the loud alarm
 To those who sleep in Zion.—Boldly warn
 To 'scape their condemnation, o'er whose head
 Age after age of misery hath roll'd
 Who from their prison-house look up and see
 Heaven's golden gate,—and to its watchmen cry
 “What of the night ?” while the dread answer falls
 With fearful echo down the unfathom'd depths :
 “*Eternity !*”

Should *one* of these lost souls
 Amid its tossings utter forth thy name,
 As one who might have pluck'd it from the pit,
 Thou Man of God ! would there not be a burst
 Of tears in Heaven ?

Oh ! live the life of prayer
 The life of faith in the meek Son of God
 The life of tireless labor for *His sake* :
 So may the angel of the Covenant bring
 Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
 To glow forever in thy Master's crown.

THE CHRISTIAN GOING HOME.

Occasioned by the words of a dying friend,—“before morning I shall be at home.”

Home ! Home ! its glorious threshhold
 Through parted clouds I see,
 Those mansions by a Saviour bought,
 Where I have long'd to be,
 And lo ! a bright unnumber'd host
 O'erspread the heavenly plain,
 Not one is silent—every harp
 Doth swell the adoring strain.

Fain would my soul be praising
 Amid that sinless throng,
 Fain would my voice be raising
 Their everlasting song,—
 Hark ! Hark ! they bid me hasten
 To leave the fainting clay,
 Friends ! hear ye not the welcome sound ?
 “Arise, and come away.”

Before the dawn of morning
 These lower skies shall light,
 I shall have joined their company
 Above this realm of night,

Give thanks, my mourning dear ones,
Thanks to the Eternal King,
Who crowns my soul with victory
And plucks from Death his sting.

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE DEAD.

EYE of the Dead ! thy sacred beam
Is with me, wheresoe'er I rove,
As moonlight tints the mirror'd stream,
With Heaven's reflected smile of love.

I stood amid thy kindred band,
Explor'd thy haunts of classic thought,
And in thy treasur'd casket scann'd
The polish'd gems by Genius wrought ;

And still, thy breath ethereal fann'd
In that blest home, affection's flame,
While strongly from the better land,
Thy pure, unearthly promptings came.

The *living eye* on ours may gaze,
The warm lip pour the wealth of mind,
Brow beam on brow congenial rays,
And hand in hand be firmly join'd,

But *nearer*, though unseen may flit
The hovering seraph's wing serene,
And soul to soul be *closer* knit
Even with this veil of flesh between.

Eye of the dead ! with guardian ray
 Like star amid the arch of night,
 Still deign to guide my pilgrim-way
 To realms of uncreated light.

DEATH OF THE REV. GORDON HALL.

THE healer droops,—no more his skill
 May ease the sufferer's moan,—
 The hand that sooth'd another's pang,
 Sinks powerless 'neath its own ;
 The Teacher dies ;—he came to plant
 Deep in a heathen soil,
 The germ of everlasting life,
 He faints amid the toil.

There was a vision of the Sea,
 That pain'd his dying strife,
 Why stole that vision o'er his soul,
 Thus 'mid the wreck of life ?
 A form, by holiest love endear'd
 There rode the billowy crest,
 And tenderly his pallid boys
 Were folded to her breast.

Then rose the long remember'd scenes
 Of his far, native bowers,
 The white-spir'd church, the mother's hymn,
 And boyhood's clustering flowers,
 And strong that country of his heart,
 The green and glorious West,
 Shar'd in the parting throb of love
 That shook the dying breast.

Brief was the thought, the dream, the pang,
 For high Devotion came,
 And brought the martyr's speechless joy,
 And wing'd the prayer of flame,
 And stamp'd upon the marble face
 Heaven's smile serenely sweet,
 And bade the icy, quivering lip
 The praise of God repeat.

Strange, olive brows with tears were wet,
 As a lone grave was made,
 And there, 'mid Asia's arid sands
 Salvation's herald laid,
 But bright that shroudless clay shall burst
 From its uncoffin'd bed,
 When the Archangel's awful trump
 Convenes the righteous dead.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Why do ye tear
 Yon lingering tenant from his humble home ?
 His children cling about him, and his wife
 Regardless of the wintery storm, doth stand
 Watching his last, far footsteps with a gaze
 Of speechless misery. What is his crime ?
 The murderer's steel in headlong passion rais'd ?
 Or the red flame, in stealthy malice touch'd
 To some unguarded roof ? Ah no, ye say
His crime is poverty.

Disease, perchance,
 Hath paralyzed his arm, or adverse skies

Withheld his harvest, or the thousand ills
 That throng the hard lot of the sons of toil
 Drank up his spirit. Ye indeed may hold
 His form incarcerated, but will that repair
 The trespass on your purse? To take away
 The *means* of labor, yet require the *fruits*
 Savoreth, methinks, of Pharaoh's policy.
 Doth Themis sanction what the code of Christ
 Condemns? "*How readest thou?*" Are there, who deem
 The smallest* portion of their drossy gold
 Full counterpoise for liberty and health,
 And God's free air, and home's sweet charities?
 'Mid the gay circle round their evening fire
 Sit they in luxury, while warbled song,
 And guest, and wine-cup speed the flying hours,
 Unmindful of the prison'd one who droops
 Within his close barr'd cell, or of the storm
 That hoarsely round his distant dwelling sweeps,
 Where she who in a lowly bed hath laid
 Her famish'd babes, kneels shivering at their side,
 Mingling the tear-gush with her lonely prayer?
 —Revenge may draw a subsidy from pain,
 Wringing stern usury from woman's woe,
 And infancy's distress; but is it well
 For souls that hasten to a dread account
 Of motive and of deed at Heaven's high bar,
To break their Saviour's law?

* Among the facts embodied in the deeply interesting Reports of the "Prison Discipline Society," it is related that in the city of Baltimore alone, during the year 1829, seven hundred and twelve persons suffered imprisonment for debts under the sum of twenty dollars; that in Philadelphia, during a period of fifteen months, five hundred and eighty-four were imprisoned for sums lower than five dollars, and that one man for a debt of *two cents*, *lay in prison thirty-two days*.

Up, cleanse yourselves
 From this dark vestige of a barbarous age,
 Sons of the Gospel's everlasting light !
 Nor let a brother of your own blest clime
 Rear'd in your very gates, participant
 Of freedom and salvation's birthright, find
 Less favor than the heathen.

It would seem
 That man who for the fleeting breath he draws
 Is still a debtor and hath nought to pay,
 He, who to cancel countless sins expects
 Unbounded clemency, 'twould seem that he
 Might to his fellow-man be pitiful,
 And show that mercy which himself implores.

SABBATH EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

Suggested by a Picture.

I've seen upon the City's bound
 The Sabbath Evening close,
 But thoughtless throngs with varied sound
 Disturb'd its blest repose ;
 I've mark'd it o'er the rural scene
 Unfold its stainless wing serene
 While hush'd to concord sweet,
 Breeze, grove, and dell and stream combin'd
 To sooth that silence of the mind
 Which woos the Paraclete.

I stood beside a lowly dome
 Where peace and love abode,
 And fragrant round that cottage home
 The breath of Summer flow'd,
 Fresh flowerets through the casement peer'd,
 The sleeping dog no harshness fear'd
 His master's feet beside,
 While he, in true contentment blest,
 With every anxious thought at rest,
 The gathering twilight eyed.

She too, his friend from youth to age
 The dearest and the best,
 Gave to his ear that sacred page
 On which their hope did rest,
 The aiding glass was o'er her eye,
 And from her cheek the roseate die
 Of brighter years did part,
 But her calm brow that beauty spake
 Which Time more exquisite doth make,
 The beauty of the heart.

Fast by her side, with blooming face
 Her gentle daughter rose,
 Nurtur'd in all the simple grace
 Which pious care bestows ;
 Maiden ! thou hear'st that word whose power
 Can give thee for thy trial-hour
 Strength when the heart doth bow,
 Peace, tho' the stricken bosom bleeds,
 Eternal life, when earth recedes,
 Oh ! catch its spirit now.

As a fond Mother's evening kiss
Doth lull her weary child,
Kind Nature pour'd a smile of bliss
 Around the landscape mild,
But though in love to all she spoke,
Though her soft tones in music broke,
 Like balm her breezes stole,
Yet nothing seem'd of joy to tell
 So pure, as in that lowly cell
 The *Sabbath of the Soul.*

"Keep thy heart with all diligence."—King Solomon.

For an Album.

"Tis said that *hearts have albums*. On their page
Strong Memory writeth with a diamond pen,
And Hope and Fancy throw their pencil tints,
And Love his bright creations. It were rash
To trust such *tablet* to the careless hand,
For Vanity's inscription. Blot or stain
Were fearful there, since pausing Penitence
Must with her bitter waters cleanse it out.
—The deep impressions on those mystic leaves
Possess mysterious power. Back they recall
From time's dim sepulchre lost Friendship's smile,
Bid Grief's long-slumbering tides suffuse the eye
Or wake the cold pulse to the thrill of joy.
—*Guard thy heart's Album.* Of its slightest trace
Who knoweth the full import? It may help
To fashion motive, and to color fate;
Nor canst thou tell how strong a thread it weaves

Into the web of deathless destiny
 Till at that solemn audit thou dost stand
 Where deed and thought shall find their perfect weight,
 And just reward.

MISTAKEN GRIEF.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest."—Job.

We mourn for those who *toil*,
 The wretch who ploughs the main,
 The slave, who hopeless tills the soil
 Beneath the stripe and chain ;
 For those who in the world's hard race,
 O'erworn and unblest,
 A host of gliding phantoms chase,
 Why mourn for those who *rest* ?

We mourn for those who *sin*,
 Bound in the tempter's snare,
 Whom syren pleasure beckoneth in
 To prisons of despair,—
 Whose hearts by whirlwind passions torn
 Are wreck'd on folly's shore,
 But why in anguish should we mourn
 For those who *sin no more* ?

We mourn for those who weep,
 Whom stern afflictions bend,
 Despairing o'er the lowly sleep
 Of lover or of friend,

But they who Jordan's swelling tide
 No more are call'd to stem,
 Whose tears the hand of God hath dried,
Why should we mourn for them?

THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL OF THE
 AMERICAN ASYLUM AT HARTFORD, CON.

SEE—while her mute companions share
 Those joys which ne'er await the blind,
 A moral night of deep despair
 Descending, wraps her lonely mind.

Yet deem not, though so dark her path
 Heaven strew'd no comfort o'er her lot,
 Or in her bitter cup of wrath
 The healing drop of balm forgot.

No! still with unambitious mind
 The needle's patient task to ply,
 At the full board her place to find,
 Or close in sleep the placid eye,
 With Order's unobtrusive charm
 Her simple wardrobe to dispose,
 To press of guiding care the arm,
 And rove where autumn's bounty flows,

With touch so exquisitely true
 That vision stands astonish'd by,
 To recognize with ardor due
 Some friend or benefactor nigh,—

Her hand 'mid childhood's curls to place,
 From fragrant buds the breath to steal,
 Of stranger-guest the brow to trace,
 Are pleasures left for her to feel.

And often o'er her hour of thought
 Will burst a laugh of wildest glee,
 As if the living gems she caught
 On wit's fantastic drapery,

As if at length, relenting skies
 In pity to her doom severe,
 Had bade a mimic morning rise,
 The chaos of the soul to cheer.

But who, with energy divine,
 May tread that undiscover'd maze,
 Where Nature in her curtain'd shrine
 The strange and new-born thought surveys ?

Where quick perception shrinks to find
 On eye and ear the envious seal,
 And wild ideas throng the mind,
 That palsied speech must ne'er reveal ;

Where Instinct, like a robber bold,
 Steals sever'd links from Reason's chain,
 And leaping o'er her barrier cold,
 Proclaims the proud precaution vain.

Say, who shall with magician's wand
 That elemental mass compose,
 Where young affections slumber fond
 Like germs unwak'd 'mid wintry snows ?

Who, in that undecypher'd scroll,
The mystic characters may see,
Save He who reads the secret soul,
And holds of life and death the key ?

Then, on thy midnight journey roam,
Poor wandering child of rayless gloom,
And to thy last and narrow home,
Drop gently from this living tomb.

Yes,—uninterpreted and drear,
Toil onward with benighted mind,
Still kneel at prayers thou can'st not hear,
And grope for truth thou may'st not find.

No scroll of friendship, or of love,
Must breathe soft language o'er thy heart,
Nor that blest Book which guides above,
Its message to thy soul impart.

But Thou, who didst on Calvary die,
Flows not thy mercy wide and free ?
Thou, who didst rend of *Death* the tie
Is *Nature's* seal too strong for thee ?

And Thou, Oh Spirit pure ! whose rest
Is with the lowly contrite train,
Illume the temple of her breast,
And cleanse of latent 'till the stain,

That she, whose pilgrimage below,
Was night that never hoped a morn,
That undeclining day may know
Which of eternity is born.

The great transition who can tell !
 When from the ear its seal shall part,
 Where countless lyres seraphic swell,
 And holy transport thrills the heart :

When the chain'd tongue, forbid to pour
 The broken melodies of time,
 Shall to the highest numbers soar
 Of everlasting praise sublime :

When those veil'd orbs, which ne'er might trace
 The features of their kindred clay,
 Shall scan of Deity, the face,
 And glow with rapture's deathless ray.

THE COMMUNION.

"Master! it is good to be here."—Mark ix. 5.

THEY knelt them side by side ; the hoary man
 Whose memory was an age, and she whose cheek
 Gleam'd like that velvet, which the young moss-rose
 Puts blushing forth, from its scarce sever'd sheath.
 There was the sage,—whose eye of science spans
 The comet in his path of fire,—and she
 Whose household duty was her sole delight,
 And highest study. On the chancel clasp'd,
 In meek devotion, were those bounteous hands
 That scatter thousands at the call of Christ,
 And his, whose labor wins the scanty bread
 For his young children. There the man of might

On bended knee, fast by his servant's side,
Sought the same Master,—brethren in the faith,
And fellow-pilgrims.

See, yon wrinkled brow
Where care and grief for many a year have trac'd
Alternate furrows,—near that ruby lip,
Which but the honey and the dew of love
Have nourish'd. And for each, eternal health
Descendeth here.

Look ! Look ! as yon deep veil
Is swept aside, what an o'erwhelming page
Disease hath written with its pen of pain.
Ah, gentle sister, thou art hasting where
No treacherous hectic plants its funeral rose :
Drink thou the wine-cup of thy risen Lord,
And it shall nerve thee for thy toilsome path
Through the dark valley of the shade of death.
—"Tis o'er. A holy silence reigns around.
The organ slumbers. The sweet, solemn voice
Of him who dealt the soul its heavenly food
Turns inward, like a wearied sentinel,
Pillowing on thought profound.

Then every head
Bows down in parting worship, mute and deep,
The whisper of the soul. And who may tell
In that brief, silent space, how many a hope
Is born that hath a life beyond the tomb.
—So hear us, Father ! in our voiceless prayer,
That at thy better banquet, all may meet,
And take the cup of bliss, and thirst no more.

NAPOLEON'S EPITAPH.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre, *characterless, uninscribed.*"

*And who shall write thine epitaph? thou man
Of mystery and might.*

Shall orphan hands

Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widows' tear,
Channel it slowly 'mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water-drop
Doth wear the sentenc'd brain?

Shall countless ghosts

Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame
With shadowy finger trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unanneal'd,
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer,
Given at the cannon's mouth?

Thou who did'st sit

Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquer'd tribes,
As chirp the weak-voic'd nations of the grass,
Why art thou sepulchred in yon far Isle,
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
Descries mid ocean's foam? Thou who didst hew
A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
Of the thron'd Alps,—why dost thou sleep unmark'd,
Even by such slight memento as the hind
Carves on his own coarse tomb-stone?

Bid the throng

Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
 And breath'd thy thunders on the battle field,
 Return, and rear thy monument. Those forms
 O'er the wide vallies of red slaughter spread,
 From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
 Heed not thy clarion call. But should they rise,
 As in the vision that the prophet saw,
 And each dry bone its sever'd fellow find,
 Piling their pillar'd dust, as erst they gave
 Their souls for thee, the wondering stars might deem
 A second tyme the puny pride of man
 Did creep by stealth upon its Babel stairs,
 To dwell with them. But here unwept thou art,
 Like a dead lion in his thicket-lair,
 With neither living man, nor spirit condemn'd,
 To write thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes,

Who serv'd as playthings in thy desperate game
 Of mad ambition, or their treasures strew'd
 Till meagre famine on their vitals prey'd,
 To pay thy reckoning.

France! who gave so free

Thy life-stream to his cup of wine, and saw
 That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
 Thou too, whose pride did deck dead Cæsar's tomb,
 And chant high requiem o'er the tyrant band
 Who had their birth with thee, lend us thine arts
 Of sculpture and of classic eloquence
 To grace his obsequies, at whose dark frown
 Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list

Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
'Neath Agag's table, *add the name of Rome.*

—Turn Austria ! iron-brow'd and stern of heart,
And on his monument, to whom thou gav'st
In anger, battle, and in craft a bride,
Grave *Austerlitz*, and fiercely turn away.

—As the rein'd war-horse snuffs the trumpet-blast,
Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,
And bid her witness to that fame which soars
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades

Of letter'd ease, Oh Germany ! come forth
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance
Hath ever imag'd in her wildest dream,
Or history trusted to her sibyl-leaves.

—Hail, lotus crown'd ! in thy green childhood fed,
By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh, and the shepherd kings,
Hast thou no tale of him who drench'd thy sands
At Jaffa and Aboukir ? when the flight
Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
To the accusing Spirit ?

Glorious Isle !

Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Promethean like
Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.

—Ho ! fur-clad Russia ! with thy spear of frost,
Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
And give the last line of our epitaph.

—But there was silence : for no sceptred hand
Receiv'd the challenge.

From the misty deep
Rise, Island-spirits ! like those sisters three,
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life ;
Rise on your coral pedestals, and write
That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
Come, for ye lull'd him in your matron arms,
And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,
And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb ;
Come, twine some trait of household tenderness
Some tender leaflet, nurs'd with Nature's tears
Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd
His cradle at Ajacio, turn'd away,
And tiny Elba, in the Tuscan wave
Threw her slight annal with the haste of fear,
And rude Helena sick at heart, and grey
'Neath the Pacific's smiting, bade the moon
With silent finger, point the traveler's gaze
To an unhonor'd tomb.

Then Earth arose,
That blind, old Empress, on her crumbling throne,
And to the echoed question, "*who shall write*
Napoleon's epitaph ?" as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd, "*none.*"

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

THE young babe sat on its mother's knee,
 Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
 When Hope drew near with a seraph smile
 To kiss the lips that had breath'd no guile

Nor spoke the words of sorrow :

Its little sister brought a flower,
 And Hope still lingering nigh
 With sunny tress and sparkling eye
 Whisper'd of one in a brighter bower
 It might pluck for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,
 And mus'd by the parlor-fire,
 But ere the evening lamps did glow,
 A stranger came, and bending low
 Kiss'd his fair and ruddy brow ;
 "What is that in your hand ?" she said :
 "My New-Year's Gift, with its covers red."
 "Bring hither the book, my boy, and see,
 The magic spell of Memory,
 That page hath gold, and a way I'll find
 To lock it safe in your docile mind ;
 For books have honey, the sages say,
 That is sweet to the taste, when the hair is grey."

The youth, at midnight sought his bed,
 But ere he clos'd his eyes,
 Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
 In meek and saintly guise,

One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
 With thrilling music fraught,
 That chain'd the flying summer hour,
 And charm'd the listener's thought ;
 For still would its tender cadence be
 " Follow me ! Follow me !
 And every morn a smile shall bring,
 As sweet as the merry lay I sing."

She ceas'd, and with a serious air
 The other made reply,
 " Shall he not also be my care ?
 May not I his pleasures share ?
 Sister ! Sister ! tell me why ?
 Need Memory e'er with hope contend ?
 Doth not the virtuous soul, still find in both a friend ?"

The youth beheld the strife,
 And eagerly replied,
 " Come, both, and be my guide,
 And gild the path of life ;"
 So he gave to each a trusting kiss,
 And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
 And ever when the morning light
 Rous'd him from the trance of night,
 When singing from her nest,
 The lark went up with dewy breast,
 Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace,
 And as a mother cheers her son,
 She girded his daily harness on.

And when the star of eve, from weary care,
 Bade him to his home repair,
 And by the hearth-stone where his joys were born,
 The cricket wound its tiny horn,
 Sober memory spread her board
 With knowledge richly stor'd,
 And supp'd with him, and like a guardian bless'd
 His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
 His locks were thin and grey,
 Memory, that faithful friend was there,
 And he in querulous tone did say,
 "Hast thou not lost, with careless key,
 Something that I have entrusted to thee?"

Her pausing answer was sad and low,
 "It may be so! It may be so!
 The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
 And Time with a plunderer's eye doth seek;
 Something I miss, but I cannot say
 What it is, he hath stolen away,
 For only tinsel and trifles spread
 Over the alter'd path we tread;
 But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,
 Here they are, all told and true,
 Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue."

But while in grave debate,
 Mournful, and ill at ease they sate,
 Finding treasures disarrang'd,
 Blaming the fickle world, tho' they themselves were chang'd,

Hope on a buoyant wing did soar,
Which folded underneath her robe she wore,
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,
And jeopardized its strength in a bold, heavenward flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,
And his soul went forth to the angel-train,
Yet when Heaven's gate its golden bars undrew,
Memory walked that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the sky :

But at that threshhold high
Hope faulter'd with a drooping eye,
And as the expiring Rose,
Doth in its last adieu its sweetest breath disclose,
Lay down to die.

As a spent harp its symphony doth roll,
Faintly her parting sigh
Breath'd to a glorious form that stood serenely by,
"Earth's pilgrim I resign,
I cheer'd him to his grave, I lov'd him, he was mine,
Christ hath redeem'd his soul,
Immortal joy ! 'tis thine."

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

To a Sick Friend.

FRIEND! around whose couch of pain,
 Fond Hope lingereth not in vain,
 Thou, whom strong and saintly prayer
 Still imploreh Heaven to spare,
 Thou hast watch'd our wild retreats,
 Thou hast priz'd our simple sweets,
 Long our voiceless lore hast known,
 Listen to our whisper'd tone,

Come back to us!

Love, with warmth that ever glows,
 Speaketh through our lips of rose,
 Friendship, to our dewy sighs
 Trusts her hoarded memories,
 Gratitude, with Penury pale,
 Hasting to our native vale,
 Bade us fervent, for *their sake*,
 Plead, and no denial take,

Come back to us.

Tardy Spring hath held us long,
 From thy bowers of light and song,
 Now on vine, and shrub, and tree,
 See! we bloom to welcome thee,
 For thy tasteful eye we pine,
 Wilt thou teach us where to twine?
 Nesting birds with tenderest lay,
 Swell their chorus, as we say

Come back to us.

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Take our message to thy breast,
 Let us on thy pillow rest,
 From blest clime, and seraph song,
 We will not detain thee long,
 For Earth's most protracted day
 Like our blossom fleets away,
 Friend to us, and Nature's smile,
 Only for a little while

Come back to us.

DEATH OF MRS. HARRIET W. L. WINSLOW,
 MISSIONARY TO CEYLON.

THY name hath power like magic. Back it brings
 The earliest pictures hung in Memory's halls,
 Tinting them freshly o'er :—the rugged cliff,
 The towering trees, the wintry walk to school,
 The page so often conn'd, the needle's task
 Achiev'd with weariness, the hour of sport
 Well earn'd and dearly priz'd, the sparkling brook
 Making its slight cascade, the darker rush
 Of the pent river thro' its rocky pass,
 Our violet-gatherings 'mid the vernal banks,
 When our young hearts did ope their chrystal gates
 To every simple joy.

I little deem'd
 'Mid all that gay and gentle fellowship
 That Asia's sun would beam upon thy grave,
 Tho' even then, from thy dark, serious eye

There was a glancing forth of glorious thought,
That scorn'd earth's vanities. I saw thee stand
With but a few brief summers o'er thy head,
And in the consecrated courts of God
Confess thy Saviour's name. And they who mark'd
The deep devotion and the high resolve
Of that young half-blown bud, did wondering ask
What its full bloom must be. But now thy couch
Is with thine infant train, where the sad voice
Of the poor Ceylon mother tells her child
Of all thy prayers and labors. Yes, thy rest
Is in the bosom of that fragrant isle
Where heathen man with lavish nature strives,
To blot the lesson she would teach of God.
Thy pensive sisters pause upon thy tomb
To catch the spirit that did bear thee through
All tribulation, till thy robes were white,
To join the angelic train. And so farewell,
My childhood's playmate, and my sainted friend,
Whose bright example, not without rebuke
Admonisheth, that home and ease and wealth
And native land, are well exchang'd for Heaven.

ESTABLISHMENT OF A FEMALE COLLEGE IN
NEW-GRENADA, SOUTH AMERICA.

YE have done well, my brethren. Thus to cast
The balm of healing at the fountain's head
Was wisely done. For on the thousand streams
That murmur freshly round your hallowed homes
Its blessedness shall flow. Well have ye scanned
With philosophic eye, *their* latent worth,
Who in the weakness of a tender frame,
And shrinking consciousness of ill, might seem
Of utile import. Yet those fragile forms,
Now trembling in their beauty and their fear,
Shall kindle with new energies: high hope
And martyr-like endurance, and deep strength
To toil untired, to suffer and be still,
And all those deathless sympathies that spring
Up from a mother's love. These shall be theirs;
And what you trust to them of mental wealth,
Knowledge, or virtue, or the truth of God,
Shall blossom round the cradle of your sons,
And bear rich harvest in your country's fame.
Realms there have been, which, like your own did rend
A despot's shackles from their giant-breast,
And rush to freedom. But the baneful breath
Of ignorance, or luxury, or sin,
Swept o'er them as a siroch, and they sank
Amid the waste of ages. They, perchance,
Did look on woman as a worthless thing,
A cloistered gem, a briefly-fading flower,
Remembering not that she had kingly power

O'er the young soul. They deemed not that those lines,
 Graved so indelibly, that all the storms
 And water-floods of Time erase them not,
 Which even stern Death peruses when he seals
 The scroll of life up for the judgment-bar,
Were from a mother's pencil.

Ye have judged,

That 'mid a nation's elements, her hand
 Might cast a healthful leaven, and her lip,
 Even from the mouldering pillow of the grave,
 Reach with its dove-like, heaven-taught eloquence,
 A race unborn. According to your faith
 Be your reward. And may the glorious voice
 Of liberty, from Andes' cloud-wreathed crown,
 Through every region whence your rivers hoard
 Their ocean tribute, go with godlike strength,
 Wakening new nations to Jehovah's praise.

LADY ROSSE.

Benefactions were sent from England, by this benevolent lady, to aid in the erection of Chapels in the destitute villages of Ohio.

LADY, thy name is with the green-rob'd West,
 Where bold Ohio drinks his tribute-streams,
 Where unshorn forests rear the cloud-wrapt crest,
 And the New World like her of Eden seems
 To muse of Heaven, with sweet majestic air ;
 Lady ! thy name is there.

A sacred echo stirs yon rose-deck'd wild,
The hoary-headed laborer bows his knee,
While from glad mother, and from lisping child
Flows forth the holy song in accents free,
The high orison crowns the accordant lay,
Lady ! for thee they pray.

To be remember'd by the sacred spire,
Pointing the weary to a home of rest,
By the deep organ, and the hymning choir,
Cherish'd, when Earth lies heavy on the breast,
Is better than with haughty state to bide,
In marble's sculptur'd pride.

Lady,—thy gifts were to the famish'd soul,
For whose eternal weal the Saviour died ;
And when the wave of boundless bliss shall roll
O'er the meek bosoms of the purified,
When from earth's dust, the spirit's wing is free,
He shall remember thee.

THE PHOLAS.

It is a fact familiar to Conchologists, that the genus *Pholas*, possesses the property of phosphorescence. It has been asserted, that this may be restored, even when the animal is in a dried state, by the application of *water*; but is extinguished by the least quantity of *brandy*.

FRAIL thing ! on ocean's pity thrown,
 Protected by no parent's care,
 Slow softener of the rugged stone,
 To scoop a hermit-mansion there,*
 Say,—wert thou born 'mid coral caves
 Where pearly gems their lustre shed ?
 Or where the pensile sea-weed waves
 Like cypress o'er the unburied dead ?
 Or didst thou fold thine armour white
 In terror at the tempest's roar ?
 Or calmly shed a brilliant light
 'Neath some o'ershadowing madrepore ?
 Ah ! would that man were prompt to learn
 The lesson thou art prone to teach,
 Wise, from thy dark testaceous urn,
 And eloquent, tho' void of speech.
 Thou warn'st him that the ethereal mind,
 That spark of Heaven's enkindled ray,
 By genial Temperance refin'd,
 Still brightens toward the perfect day ;

* The *Pholas* has the power of perforating wood and stone, and thus securing itself a safe and secret abode. Hence the propriety of its name, derived from the Greek Φωλενώ, signifying to hide or remain concealed.

But if, debas'd by gross desire,
 It plunges in the poisonous bowl,
 That flame must sicken and expire,
 And leave the clay without a soul.

Slow months of toil in caverns cold,
 Thy labyrinthine home prepare,
 But man, to whirlwind passion sold,
 Makes homeless those who trust his care,
 From crime to crime, in downward stage,
 By foul Intemperance darkly driven,
 He forfeits with demoniac rage,
 The peace of Earth and hope of Heaven.

DEATH OF A YOUNG WIFE.

WHY is the green earth broken ? Yon tall grass
 Which in its ripeness woo'd the mower's hand,
 And the wild rose, whose young buds faintly bloom'd,
 Why are their roots upturn'd ? Why swells a mound
 Of new-made turf among them ?

Ask of him

Who in his lonely chamber weeps so long
 At morning's dawn and evening's pensive hour,
 Whose bosom's planted hopes might scarcely boast
 More firmness, than yon riven flower of grass.
 Yet hath not Memory stores whereon to feed,
 When Joy's young harvest fails as clings the bee
 To the sweet calyx of some smitten flower ?
 —Still is remembrance,—grief. The tender smile
 Of young, confiding Love, its winning tones,

**Its self-devotion, its delight to seek
Another's good, its ministry to sooth
The hour of pain, come o'er the hermit heart
To claim its bitterest tear.**

But that meek Faith,
Which all distrustful of its holiest deeds
So strongly clasp'd a Saviour's feet, when Death
Rang the crush'd heart-strings like a broken harp,
That Hope which shed its seraph-benison
On all who wept around, that smile which left
Heaven's stainless semblance on the breathless clay,
These are the tokens to the soul bereav'd,
To gird itself invincibly, and seek
A deathless union with the parted bride.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are from above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—St. Paul.

**If with the Lord your hope doth rest,
With Christ who reigns above,
Loose from its bonds your captive breast,
And heavenward point its love.**

**Yes, heavenward. Ye're of holy birth,
Bid your affections soar
Above the vain delights of Earth
Which fading, bloom no more.**

Seek ye some pure and thornless rose ?
 Some friend with changeless eye ?
 Some fount whence living water flows ?
 Go, seek those things on high.

Thither bid Hope a pilgrim go,
 And Faith her mansion rear,
 Even while amid this world of woe
 Ye shed the stranger's tear.

If Folly tempts or Sin allures,
 Be dead to all their art,
 So shall eternal life be yours
 When time's brief years depart.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM.

DEATH stood beneath a lordly dome
 As pitiless and dread,
 As when within some cottage-home
 He smites the peasant's head :
 “ *Haste ! Call the Queen !* ” a hollow tone
 Of fainting anguish cried,
 And she who sat on England's throne
 Came to the sufferer's side.

The dying Countess strove in vain
 Her last request to speak,
 Till tears of woe with dews of pain
 Blent on her ashen cheek :

At length her quivering hand unclos'd,
 And lo ! *a ring* was there,
 Of rare and radiant gems compos'd,
 Such as a king might wear.

“ *He*, for whose hand this ring was meet,
I dare not name his name
 Once bade me lay it at your feet
 To spare the scaffold's shame ;
 But *I*—and be my sin reveal'd,
 And my repentance keen,
 In bitter hate the pledge conceal'd,
 Oh pardon ! gracious Queen !”

What might that jewel'd toy restore
 Within the royal heart ?
 Did buried love revive once more
 In that convulsive start ?
 But none may scan her spirit's frame
 As that fond gift she view'd,
 While back her idol Essex came
 From his dark grave of blood !

Again that noble form appear'd
 In homage at her feet,
 Again his manly voice she heard
 In murmur'd flattery sweet ;
 His warm lips press the fatal ring,
 Bright tears suffuse his eye,
 Broke she the *promise of a king* ?
 And did that *favorite die* ?

Down, Fancy down ! her cheek is pale !
 Her haughty soul doth quake,

The horrors of thy scenery veil,
The fearful torpor break,
That seems along her brow to steal,
But lo ! with sudden strife,
In all its rash, ungovern'd zeal
Dire Anger sprang to life.

Revenge, amazement and remorse
Each warring thought distress,
And every heart-string's rebel force
Made conflict in her breast ;
Fierce passions o'er her features spread
As with a frantic grasp
She shook the dying in her bed
Even at the latest gasp.

With flashing eyes and tottering knees
She shriek'd in accents shrill
“ *God may forgive you, if he please*
But no ! *I never will.*”
Convulsion like a blighting frost
Upon the sufferer fell,
And with *one groan* the wretched ghost
Bade its blanch'd corpse farewell.

Yet scarce a few more suns serene
O'er the proud palace sped,
When lo ! high Tudor's haughty Queen
Was with the crownless dead ;
Yes ! the implacable did stand
Before that Judge in Heaven
Who gave the great, the dread command
“ *Forgive ! and be forgiven.*”

THE LOST SISTER.

THEY wak'd me from my sleep, I knew not why,
And bade me haste where a pale midnight lamp
Gleam'd from an inner chamber. There she lay,
With livid brow who yestermorn breath'd forth
Through joyous smiles her superflux of bliss
Into the hearts of others. By her side
Her hoary sire, with speechless horror gaz'd
Upon the stricken idol, all dismay'd
Beneath his God's rebuke. And she who nurs'd
That fair young creature at her gentle breast,
And oft those sunny locks had deck'd with buds
Of rose and jasmine, shuddering wip'd the dews
Which death distils.

The sufferer just had given
Her long farewell, and for the last, *last* time
Press'd with cold lips his cheek who led so late
Her footsteps to the altar, and receiv'd
In the deep transport of an ardent heart
Her vow of love. And she had softly press'd
That golden circlet with her bloodless hand
Upon his finger, which he kneeling gave
On the bright, bridal morn. So, there she lay
In calm endurance, like the smitten lamb
Wounded in flowery pastures, from whose breast
The dreaded bitterness of death had past.
—But a faint wail disturb'd the silent scene,
And in its nurse's arms, a new-born babe
Was borne in utter helplessness along,
Before that dying eye.

Its gather'd film
Kindled one moment, with a sudden glow
Of tearless agony,—and fearful pangs
Racking the rigid features, told how strong
A mother's love doth root itself. One cry
Of bitter anguish, blent with fervent prayer
Went up to Heaven,—and as its cadence sank,
Her spirit enter'd there.

Morn after morn
Rose and retir'd,—yet still as in a dream
I seem'd to move. The certainty of loss
Fell not *at once* upon me. Then I wept
As weep the sisterless. For thou wert fled
My only, my belov'd,—my sainted one,
Twin of my spirit! and my number'd days
Must wear the sable of that midnight hour
Which rent thee from me.

DEATH OF A WIFE DURING THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND.

THE Man of God, from distant toil
To his sweet home drew nigh,
And kindling expectation rose
With brightness to his eye,—
But She, the sharer of his joy,
The solace of his care,—
Whose smile of welcome, woke his soul
To rapture, was not there.

He entered and his darling boys
Came gathering to his side,—
Tears glitter'd on their cheeks of rose,—
Why were those tears undry'd ?
And one a stranger to its sire,—
Anew born babe was there,—
Its feeble wailing pierced his ear,—
Where was its mother ?—where ?—

They told him,—and he hasted down
To that oblivious cell,—
From whence no tenant e'er return'd
Among mankind to dwell,—
And there, the glory of his house,
A lifeless ruin lay,—
And bowing down in bitter woe
He kiss'd the unanswering clay.

But had not Faith and Hope been there,
Whose strong, inspiring breath
Had borne that parted friend above
The agony of death ;—
Had they not stood divinely near
To yield a sure relief,—
What else could hold the soul unwreck'd
Amid that tide of grief?

THE SEA BOY.

"UP the main top-mast,—ho!"

The storm was loud,
And the deep midnight muffled up her head,
Leaving no ray. By the red binnacle
I saw the sea-boy. His young cheek was pale,
And his lip trembled. But he dared not hear
That hoarse command repeated. So he sprang,
With slender foot, amid the slippery shrouds.

He, oft, by moonlight-watch, had lured my ear
With everlasting stories of his home
And of his mother. His fair brow told tales
Of household kisses, and of gentle hands
That bound it when it ached, and laid it down
On the soft pillow, with a curtaining care.
And he had sometimes spoken of the cheer
That waited him, when wearied from his school,
At winter's eve, he came. Then he would pause
For his high-beating bosom threw a chain
O'er his proud lip, or else it would have sighed
A deep remorse for leaving such a home.
And he would haste away, and pace the deck
More rapidly, as if to hide from me
The gushing tear. I marked the inward strife
Unquestioning, save by a silent prayer,
That the tear wrung so bitterly, might work
The sea-boy's good and wash away all trace
Of disobedience. Now, the same big tear
Hung like a pearl upon him, as he climbed
And grappled to the mast. I watched his toil,

With strange foreboding, till he seemed a speck
Upon the ebon bosom of the cloud.
And I remembered that he once had said,
"I fear I shall not see my home again;"
And sad the memory of those mournful words,
Dwelt with me, as he passed above my sight
Into thick darkness.

The wild blast swept on,
The strong ship tossed.

Shuddering, I heard a plunge
A heavy plunge—a gurgling 'mid the wave.
I shouted to the crew. *In vain! In vain!*
The ship held on her way. And never more
Shall that poor, delicate sea-boy raise his head
To do the bidding of those roughened men,
Whose home is on the sea. And never more
May his fond mother strain him to her breast,
Weeping that hardship thus should bronze the brow
To her so beautiful—nor the kind sire
Make glad, by his forgiveness, the rash youth
Who wandered from his home, to throw the wealth
Of his warm feelings on the faithless sea.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

Thou, who once an infant stranger
Honor'd this auspicious morn,
Thou, who in Judea's manger,
Wert this day of woman born ;

Thou, whom wondering sages offer'd
Costly gifts, and incense sweet,
Take our homage, humbly proffer'd,
Grateful kneeling at thy feet :

Thou whose path, a star of glory
Gladly hasted to reveal,
Herald of salvation's story,
Touch our hearts with equal zeal :

Thou, at whose approach was given
Welcome from the angels' lyre,
Teach our souls that song of Heaven,
Ere we join their tuneful choir.

"Go thy way for this time, when I have a *convenient* season, I will call for thee."—Acts.

ALONE he sat, and wept.—That very night
The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal
Of eloquence had warn'd him to repent,—
And like the Roman at Drusilla's side
Hearing the truth, he trembled.—Conscience wrought,
And sin allur'd. The struggle shook him sore.
The dim lamp wan'd, the hour of midnight toll'd ;
Prayer sought for entrance,—but the heart had clos'd
Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch,
And bade the spirit of his God depart.
—But there was war within him, and he sigh'd
"Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One !
Return when youth is past, and make my soul
Forever thine." With kindling brow he trod
The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice
And Beauty's smile his fluttering pulses woke.
To Love he knelt, and on his brow she hung
Her freshest myrtle-wreath. For gold he sought,
And winged Wealth indulg'd him,—till the world
Pronounc'd him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime
Swell'd to its climax, and his busy days
And restless nights swept like a tide away.
When lo !—a message from the Crucified,
"Look unto me, and live." But Care had struck
Deep root around him,—and its countless shoots
Still striking earthward like the Indian tree
Barr'd out, with woven shades, the eye of Heaven.
—Twice warn'd, he ponder'd :—then impatient spake

Of weariness, and haste, and want of time,
And duty to his children, and besought
A longer space to do the work of Heaven.
—God spake again, when Age had shed its snows
Upon his temples, and his weary hand
Shrank from gold-gathering. But the rigid chain
Of Habit bound him, and he still implor'd
A more convenient season.

“See,—my step
Is firm and free, my unquench'd eye delights
To view this pleasant world,—and life with me
May last for many years. In the calm hour
Of lingering sickness, I can better fit
For long Eternity.”

—Disease came on,
And Reason fled. The maniac strove with Death,
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries,
Till darkness smote his eye-balls and thick ice
Settled around his heart-strings. The poor clay
Lay vanquish'd and distorted. But the soul,
The soul whose promis'd season never came
To hearken to its Maker's will, had gone
To weigh His sufferance with its own abuse
And bide the audit.

A DREAM.

Loud howl'd the storm of Winter's ire
As pensive by my evening fire,
Thought, long involv'd in reverie deep,
Sank wearied in the arms of sleep.
—Methought a rushing wing swept by,
And hoary *Time* himself stood nigh
Who scythe and hour-glass casting down,
And smiling thro' a wrinkled frown,
A tube display'd, whose power sublime
Could bring before the eye
Past ages, and remotest climes
With graphic imagery.
Some distant land I sought to see
When the last century shone,
Ere the blest Gospel's ministry
On mission-wings had flown:
And through that tube my glance he led
Where northern seas their limits spread,
Where the rough ice-berg shocks the pole,
And wintry midnight chains the soul.
There in a subterranean cell
Her watch a Greenland mother kept,
And while the lamp's faint radiance fell,
Over her dying infant wept.
But when beneath the snowy mound
Its narrow, noteless grave was found,
Wild were her shrieks of woe severe,
No voice from Heaven, her pangs to cheer.

—Where the red tropic fiercely burn'd
To dark-brow'd Afric next we turn'd,
But she, to nameless miseries left,
Despis'd,—degraded, crush'd, bereft,
Beheld the slave-ship's tireless sail,
And heard her fetter'd offspring wail,
With gaze forever on the main,
Watch'd for their hop'd return, *in vain* ;
Night told to night her sleepless care,
And ages mock'd her fix'd despair,
While her loud anguish woke the wave,
Invoking gods that could not save.

—Where Ganges rolls his worshipp'd tide,
Or glittering Hoogly's waters glide,
With lip comprest, and stifled groan
The Fakir hardens into stone,
While throngs exulting cry,
And pilgrims' bones are heedless strown
Beneath a torrid sky.

What means yon reeking, reddening pile ?
And whence that widow's madden'd smile ?
As towards the martyr-couch she goes,
Regardless of her children's woes.
Away !—I would not longer gaze
On barbarous Superstition's maze.

—*Time* chang'd his glass, and bade me see
The deeds of heaven-born Charity,
When fir'd with zeal her heralds found
The farthest globe's benighted bound.
And lo ! upon the frost-bound shore
Of sun-forsaken Labrador,
The heaven-ward spire, the sacred song,

The Pastor and his listening throng,
 With Christian hope and love supplied
 The gifts that rigorous Earth denied.
 And from the *classic clime*, behold !
 The cloud of Moslem wrath had roll'd
 Yet no proud lay of Attic lore
 Nor bacchanal with maddening roar
 Peal'd from that sunny coast,
 But infant voices lisping came
 Of knowledge, and a Saviour's name,
 Winning for Greece a higher fame

Than heathen annals boast.

Thou too, Oh Afric ! undismay'd,
 Reclining 'neath thy palm-trees' shade,
 Dost mark with rapture's thrilling tide,
 Enfranchis'd thousands seek thy side,
 With filial hand thy tears to dry
 And found an empire for the sky.
 —Sad Zion ! doth thy footstep stray
 Far from thy temple-shrine away ?
 Sweet is the breath of Sharon's rose,
 In limpid silver Siloah flows,
 And Hermon woos the scented air,
 Where art thou, blinded exile ! where ?
 Return, thou homeless and opprest,
 And 'neath Messiah's sceptre rest.
 On waken'd India's sultry shore,
 The Suttee's flame aspires no more,
 And idol-ear, and thundering gong
 And haughty priest, and pagan throng
 Recede, as darkness fades away
 Before the morning's golden ray.

—In Burmah's dew-besprinkled soil
How blest the laborer's arduous toil ;
'Mid danger's blast their seed was sown,
The harvest-fruits are God's alone :
Press on, firm band ! the martyr's sigh
On fields like these, is victory.

—'Mid China's vale, serenely bold,
Their way Salvation's heralds hold,
While millions pale with penury's strife,
Hear wondering of the bread of life.
Broad Ocean's isles in loud acclaim
Extol the blest Redeemer's name,
And Earth with countless tongues doth pour
The echoing praise from shore to shore.

—*Time* pois'd his wing, as if for flight,
But of my native land a sight,
With patriot ardor I besought,
And toward the west, his tube he brought.
I look'd, and skies, and vales, and streams
Were bright with nature's glorious beams,
And from each haunt came swelling by
The shout of boasted Liberty ;
Yet other sounds were on the gale,
Of Afric's sons, the bitter wail,
The scourge, the chain, the bitter tear
Of slavery's lot, *what do they here !*

—I sought the red-brow'd race, who bore
Dominion o'er this ancient shore,
But lofty king, and chieftain grave,
Had vanish'd like the crested wave ;
Where are those warriors brave and free ?
The hoarse tomb answer'd "*here with me.*"

Time saw their hearth-stones cold and void,
Their ancient sepulchres destroy'd,
Resum'd his scythe, in anger dread,
And broke my vision, as he fled.

ON READING THE MEMOIRS OF MRS. JUDSON.

I saw her on the strand. Beside her smil'd
Her land of birth, and her beloved home,
With all their pageantry of tint and shade,
Streamlet and vale.

There stood her childhood's friends,
Sweet sisters, who her inmost thoughts had shar'd,
And saint-like parents, whose example rais'd
Those thoughts to Heaven. It was a strong array,
And the fond heart clung to its rooted loves.
But Christ had given a panoply, which Earth
Might never take away. And so she turn'd
To boisterous Ocean, and with cheerful step,
Though moisten'd eye, forsook the cherish'd clime
Whose halcyon bowers had rear'd her joyous youth.
—I look'd again. It was a foreign shore.
The tropic sun had laid his burning brow
On twilight's lap. A gorgeous palace caught
His last red ray. Hoarsely the idol-song
To Boodh, mingled with the breeze that curl'd
Broad Irrawaddy's tide. Why do ye point
To yon low prison? Who is he that gropes

Amid its darkness, with those fetter'd limbs ?
 Mad Pagans ! do ye *thus* requite the man
 Who toils for your salvation ?

See that form

Bending in tenderest sympathy to soothe
 The victim's sorrow. Tardy months pass by,
 And find her still intrepid at the post
 Of danger and of disappointed hope.
 Stern sickness smote her, yet with tireless zeal,
 She bore the hoarded morsel to her love,
 Dar'd the rude arrogance of savage power,
 To plead for him, and bade his dungeon glow,
 With her fair brow, as erst the angel's smile
 Arous'd imprison'd Peter, when his hands
 From fetters loos'd, were lifted high in praise.
 —There was another scene, drawn by *his* hand
 Whose icy pencil blotteth out the grace
 And loveliness of man. The keenest shaft
 Of anguish quivers in that martyr's breast,
 Who is about to wash her garments white
 In her Redeemer's blood, and glorious rise
 From earthly sorrows to a clime of rest.
 —Dark Burman faces are around her bed,
 And one pale babe is there, for whom she checks
 The death-groan, clasping it in close embrace,
 Even till the heart-strings break.

Behold, he comes !

The wearied man of God from distant toil.
 His home, while yet a misty speck it seems,
 His straining eye detects, but marks no form
 Of his beloved, hastening down the vale,
 As wont, to meet him.

Say, what heathen lip
In its strange accent told him, that on earth
Nought now remain'd to heal his wounded heart,
Save that lone famish'd infant? Days of care
Were meted to him, and long nights of grief
Weigh'd out, and then that little, wailing one
Went to her mother's bosom, and slept sweet
'Neath the cool branches of the Hopia-tree.
'Twas bitterness to think that bird-like voice,
Which sang sweet hymns to please a father's ear,
Must breath no more.

This is to be alone!

Alone in this wide world.

Yet not without
A comforter. For the true heart that trusts
Its all to Heaven, and sees its treasur'd things
Unfold their hidden wing, and thither soar,
Doth find itself drawn upward in their flight,
And poising higher o'er this vale of tears,
And gathering bright revealings of its home,
Doth from its sorrows weave a robe of praise.

THE SABBATH.

The world is full of toil ;
Toil bids the traveler roam,
It binds the laborer to the soil,
The student to his tome ;
The beasts of burden sigh,
O'erladen and oppress,
The Sabbath lifts its banner high,
And gives the weary rest.

The world is full of care ;
The haggard brow is wrought
In furrows as of fix'd despair
And check'd the heavenward thought,
But with indignant grace
The Sabbath's chastening tone,
Drives money-changers from the place
Which God doth call his own.

The world is full of grief ;
Sorrows o'er sorrows roll,
Even hope that promises relief
Doth sometimes pierce the soul ;
But see the Sabbath's bound
Bears Mercy's holy seal,
A balm of Gilead for the wound
That man is weak to heal.

The world is full of sin ;
Its tide, deceptive rolls,

The unwary to its breast to win,
 And whelm unstable souls ;
 The Sabbath's beacon tells
 Of reefs and wrecks below,
 And warns, tho' gay the billow swells,
 Beneath, are death and woe.

O glorious world ! where none
 With fruitless labor sigh,
 Where care doth wring no lingering groan,
 And grief no agony ;
 Where Sin with fatal arts
 Hath never forg'd her chains,
 But deep enthron'd in angel-hearts,
 One endless Sabbath reigns.

BURIAL OF TWO YOUNG SISTERS, THE ONLY CHILDREN OF THEIR PARENTS.

THEY'RE here, in this turf-bed—those tender forms,
 So kindly cherished, and so fondly loved—
They're here.

Sweet sisters ! pleasant in their lives,
 And not in death divided. Sure 'tis meet
 That blooming ones should linger, and learn
 How quick the transit to the silent tomb.
 I do remember them, their pleasant brows
 So mark'd with pure affections, and the glance
 Of their mild eyes, when in the house of God,
 They gathered up the manna, that did fall,
 Like dew, around.

The eldest parted first—
And it was touching even to tears, to see
The perfect meekness of that child-like soul,
Turning 'mid sorrow's chastening to its God,
And loosening every link of earthly hope,
To gird an angel's glorious garments on.

The younger lingered yet a little while,
Drooping and beautiful. Strongly the nerve
Of that lone spirit clasped its parent-prop ;
Yet still in timid tenderness embraced
The Rock of Ages—while the Saviour's voice
Confirmed its trust: “Suffer the little ones
To come to me.”

And then her sister's couch
Undrew its narrow covering—and those forms,
Which side by side, on the same cradle-bed,
So often shared the sleep of infancy,
Were laid on that clay pillow, cheek to cheek
And hand to hand, until that morning break,
Which hath no night.

And ye are left alone,
Who nurtured those fair buds, and often said
Unto each other, in the hour of care—
“These same shall comfort us for all our toil.”
Yes, ye are left alone. It is not ours
To heal such wound. Man hath too weak a hand—
All he can give, is tears.

But he who took
Your treasures to his keeping : He hath power
To bear you onward to that better land,
Where none are written childless, and torn hearts
Blend in a full eternity of bliss.

VÆ VOBIS.*

“ *Væ Vobis*,” ye whose lip doth lave
 So deeply in the sparkling wine,
 Regardless though that passion-wave
 Shut from the soul, Heaven’s light divine,
 “ *Væ Vobis*,”—heed the trumpet-blast,
 Fly!—ere the leprous taint is deep,
 Fly!—ere the hour of hope be past,
 And pitying angels cease to weep.

“ *Væ Vobis*,” ye who fail to read
 The name that shines where’er ye tread,
 The Alpha of our infant creed,
 The Omega of the sainted dead :
 It glows where’er the pencil’d flowers
 Their tablet to the desert show,
 Where’er the mountain’s rocky towers
 Frown darkly o’er the vale below :
 Where roll the wondrous orbs on high,
 In glorious order, strong and fair,
 In every letter of the sky
 That midnight writes,—’tis there ! ’tis there !
 ”Tis grav’d on ocean’s wrinkled brow,
 And on the shell that gems its shore,
 And where the solemn forests bow,
 “ *Væ Vobis*,” ye, who scorn the lore.

“ *Væ Vobis*,” all who trust in earth,
 Who lean on reeds that pierce the breast,

* “Wo unto you,”

Who toss the bubble-cup o' mirth,
Or grasp ambition's storm-wreath'd crest:
Who early rise, and late take rest,
In Mammon's mine, the care-worn slave,
Who find each phantom-race unblest,
Yet shrink reluctant from the grave.

THE BIBLE CLASS IN THE CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON.

I saw' them bending o'er that holy page,
Whose breath is immortality. There seemed
No sadness on their features; to their limbs
No fetters clung; and they whose early years
Had told dark tales of wretchedness and shame,
Lifted a calm, clear eye.

Amazed, I asked,
Is this a prison? and are these the men
Whom Justice from the world's sweet fellowship
Hath sternly severed?

But a voice replied,
God's spirit hath been here. Serene it came
Into the cells where guilt and punishment
Rivet their chains, making the victim's life
A hated burden, and his hope despair!

It came! Rebellion laid his weapons down;
The flinty breast grew soft: the rugged brow
Gave channels for the tear of penitence;
And souls, which sin had blotted from their race

As a foul gangrene, to the Healer turned,
Bathed, and were whole.

So now with humble step
Their penal course they measure, giving still
The day to toil, and meeting every night,
In solitude, reflection's chastening glance,
Which wounds to purify. There, too, doth glide
Fair Charity, prompting to deeds divine
The unaccustomed pupil, while he cons,
'Mid the deep silence of a lonely bed,
His Bible lesson ; seeks a deeper root
For Christian purpose, or anticipates
Glad Freedom's sacred gift.

Ye whom our God
Hath held from deep transgression, be not proud ;
Nor, in the heat of passion, haste to weigh
A brother's fault. The eternal Judge himself
(When by the sin of ingrate Adam moved)
Came not to Eden till the *cool of day*.
And since that hour, when first the vengeful sword
Wav'd o'er the forfeit gate of Paradise,
Man hath been wayward, weak, and prone to fall
Beneath temptation's wile, and so must be
Unto the dooms-day burning.

Then let his bitterest discipline be mixed
In Mercy's cup, that so the prison cell
May work his soul's salvation ; and the " law,
Like school-master" severe, the truant bring
To Christ, his advocate and righteousness.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY AT THE RETREAT
FOR THE INSANE.

YOUTH glows upon her blossom'd cheek,
Glad beauty in her eye,
And fond affections pure and meek
Her every want supply :
Why doth her glance so wildly rove
Some fancied foe to find ?
What dark dregs stir her cup of love ?
Go ask the sickening mind !

They bear her where with cheering smile
The hope of healing reigns
For those whom morbid Fancy's wile
In torturing bond constrains ;
Where Mercy spreads an angel-wing
To do her Father's will,
And heaven-instructed plucks the sting
From Earth's severest ill.

Yet o'er that sufferer's drooping head
No balm of Gilead stole,
Diseas'd Imagination spread
Dark chaos o'er the soul ;
But recollected truths sublime
Still fed Devotion's stream,
And beings from a sinless clime
Blent with her broken dream.

Then came a coffin and a shroud,
And many a bursting sigh,

With shrieks of laughter long and loud,
 From those who knew not why ;
 For she, whom Reason's fickle ray
 Oft wilder'd and distress'd
 Hush'd in unwonted slumber lay,
 A cold and dreamless rest.

Think ye of Heaven ! how glorious bright
 Will break its vision clear,
 On souls that rose from earthly night
 All desolate and drear ;
 So ye who laid that stricken form
 Down to its willing sleep,
 Snatch'd like a flowret from the storm,
Weep not as others weep.

INTRODUCTION TO AN ALBUM.

GLEANER ! the field's before thee. Many a sheaf
 Whiteneth the ground, which thou may'st freely take
 Into thy garner. Friendship's clusters bend
 In ruddy ripeness, and the flowers of Love
 Breathe fresh perfume for thee. Go, ask of Wit
 His sparkling diamond, win from Fancy's hand
 Her frost-work talisman, from Mirth require
 Such garland as she weaves in Music's bower,
 And search for gold in Wisdom's heaven-wrought mine.
 Perchance the hoary Sage a gem may grant

Of rich experience, or some timid child
In tender meekness deck thy pencil'd vase.
And as the Gleaner from the fruitful fields
Of Boaz, gathering where the reapers strew'd,
Came to her Mother at the close of day
With welcome store and brightly glowing smile,
So bring thy gifts to Memory's treasure-shrine.

DEATH OF A SON OF THE LATE HONORABLE FISHER AMES.

"Tis o'er. The bolt that rends the sky
And rives the lordly tree,
Doth scarcely work so strange a deed
As Death hath done for thee :
And so we lay thee in the tomb,
Son of a patriot line,
Let not majestic manhood boast
Who sees a grave like thine.

And She is there, that honor'd form
O'er whom thy filial care,
Did shed such hallow'd charm as made
Life's lonely winter fair ;
That mother mourns, whose hand so oft
Within this funeral shade,
Hath with a meek, unchanging trust
Her cherish'd idols laid.

We go the way their steps have trod,
 From love's forsaken bowers :
 Their simple shroud, their narrow house,
 Their lowly bed are ours ;
 And in those mansions of the soul
 Where tear was never shed,
 Doubt not there yet is room for us,
 For so the Saviour said.

Oh could we cheerfully to God
 Yield back the friends he gave,
 Or with such tear as Jesus shed
 Bedew their peaceful grave,
 How pure from the Refiner's hand
 The spirit's gold would rise,
 And Faith from transient sorrow gain
 New fitness for the skies.

"THEY SAID SHE WAS ALONE."

They said she was alone,—and that she stood
 Amid the corpses of her three fair babes,
 And by *his* side who to her heart had been
 Lover and comforter for many a year,
 And that he too was dead. Amaz'd I look'd
 To see if it were so,—and on his lip
 There was no breath, and in his eye no light.
 —*They said she was alone*. And many wept
 In company with her. For *he* had fallen

Who was their guide to everlasting life,
Their oracle in doubt, the friend who pour'd
The interceding prayer when death was nigh,
Or the tomb open'd, for its "*dust to dust.*"

—*They said she was alone.* But when I turn'd
To look upon her,—in her breast there lay
A tender blossom of mortality
New-born and beautiful. Methought the babe
Did bear the features of its buried sire,
And at the moaning of its timid voice,
Or its appealing smile, the lonely heart
Rose in its brokenness, and took the joy
That pays a mother's care. And so I thank'd
The Father of our Mercies, who doth watch
Our frames so tenderly, and prop the strength
Of those he smiteth, and infuse the drops
Of holy healing in the cup of grief,
That none may sink beneath his keen rebuke,
But walk in patience and in chastened hope
On to the land which hath no need that pain
Should be the teacher of its sinless host.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! it hath a sombre tone,
The lip is slow to take it,
It seemeth like the willow's moan
When autumn winds awake it ;
It seemeth like the distant sea
On some lone islet sighing,
And yet thou say'st it unto me,
And wait'st for my replying.

Farewell! thou fly'st from Winter's wrath
'Mid southern bowers to hide thee,
May freshest roses deck thy path,
Yet bring no thorn to chide thee ;
And may'st thou find that better land
Where no bright dream is broken,
No flower shall fade in beauty's hand,
And no farewell be spoken.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY AT HAVANA, WHITHER SHE WENT FOR HER HEALTH.

YE say that with a smile she past
Forth from her hallow'd bower,
That her dark eye strange brilliance cast,
To gild the parting hour ;
That on her cheek with radiance rare
A kindling flush did burn,
Ye view'd it as the promise fair
Of health and glad return.

In many a fond and friendly breast
Did parting sorrows stir,
And many a lip with trembling blest
That lovely voyager ;
Light sped the white sail o'er the wave,
And gathering to her side,
True hearts that strove to shield and save,
Her every wish supplied.

And still upon that tossing sea,
Her idol boy was near,
And tunefully his caroll'd glee
Fell on a mother's ear ;
And well his glance its joy exprest
To watch the sea-bird's flight,
Or trace amid the billow's crest
The phosphorescent light.

They sought that Isle, by beam and breeze,
In changeless beauty drest,

Where the "world-seeking Genoese"
Doth find a peaceful rest ;
But there where Winter's tempest gloom
Hath never dar'd to roll,
Where Nature's flowers profusely bloom,
Went down that flower of soul.

And far within her native west
Where glorious foliage waves,
And where in recent verdure drest,
Are seen her kindred graves,
The memory of her cradle-sleep,
Her childhood's glowing charms,
Her ripen'd virtues, rich and deep,
Affection's tear embalms.

Yet let not mourning Love despair,
Within these smitten shades,
The cypress wreath hath blossoms fair
Of hope that never fades ;
'Twas her's to bless the haunts of pain,
To love the good and wise,
And lightly chasten'd, rise to gain
The bliss that never dies.

DEATH'S CHOSEN ALLY.

THE shadowy Monarch frown'd upon his throne,
 O'erwearied and displeased.—“ Behold, my task,
 Since him of Eden felt a brother's hate,
 Down to the brow that blanches as I speak,
 Hath known no respite. Would that there were *one*
 With whom to trust my cares awhile, and snatch
 One moment of repose. Ho ! ye who wait !
 Give notice, that with him most worthy found
 By previous deeds to waste the race of man,
 The King of Terrors will delight to share
 The glory of his kingdom.”

Mighty winds
 Swollen up to earthquake violence, and tones
 Of many waters, like wild, warring seas,
 Clamor'd the edict, while the lightning's spear
 Wrote it in flame on every winged cloud :
 Yea, with such zeal the elements conspir'd
 To publish the decree, methought there lurk'd
 In each, some latent, lingering hope, to win
 The promis'd regency.

The Passions came,
 Thron'd on their storm-clouds, and with varied voice,
 Thundering or eloquent, as best beseem'd
 Their several natures, boasted how to staunch
 Life's countless springs. But to their claims pale Death
 Gave credence cold.

Next, fleshless Famine rose
 Up like a charnel-ghost, while Pestilence
 Came stalking on, with quiver ever full ;

And ever in her ears a mournful sound,—
The weeping of the nations.

Loudly shriek'd

A martial trump, and on his banner'd car
War like a sovereign came. Unnumber'd spoils
Were strew'd around him, and the blood of men
Flow'd as a river, 'neath his chariot wheels.
His eagle eye the promis'd honor scann'd,
As an undoubted right. But still stern Death
Ponder'd, and spake not, till, with haughty pride,
The candidate withdrew, and trembling Earth
Shrank at his kindled rage.

There was a pause,

As if none dare in that foil'd champion's steps
Essay to tread. At length, a bloated form
Mov'd slowly on, with mix'd and maddening bowl;
But ere the footsool of the throne he press'd,
Death, with a father's fondness, hasting down,
Embraced, and in the seat of empire plac'd.
Great was the wonder, but none dare gainsay;
And with a fearful shout all Nature's foes,
Diseases, passions, wars and sins, pronounced
Intemperance their king; and at his feet
Their boasted, time-cemented trophies cast.

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, *It is well.*"—
2 Kings iv. 26.

"Is it well with the child?"—And she answer'd, "*'Tis well;*"
But I gaz'd on the mother who spake,
For the tremulous tear as it sprang from its cell,
Bade a doubt in my bosom awake ;
And I mark'd that the bloom from her features had fled,
So late in their loveliness rare,
And the hue of the watcher that bends o'er the dead,
Was gathering in pensiveness there.

"Is it well with the child?"—And she answer'd, "*'Tis well.*"
I remember'd its beauty and grace,
When the tones of its laughter did tunefully swell
In affection's delighted embrace :
And thro' their long fringe, as it rose from its sleep,
Its eyes beam'd a rapturous ray,
And I wonder'd that silence should settle so deep
O'er the home of a being so gay.

"Is it well with the child?"—And she said, "*It is well.*"
It hath tasted of sickness and pain,
Of the pang and the groan, and the gasp it might tell,
It never will suffer again.
In my dreams, as an angel, it stands by my side,
In the garments of glory and love ;
And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died,
'Mid the choir of the blessed above.

THE BABE BEREAVED OF ITS MOTHER.

FAIR is the tint of bloom,
 That decks thy brow, my child ;
 And bright thine eye looks forth from sleep,
 Still eloquent and mild ;
 But she, who would have joy'd
 Those opening charms to see,
 And clasp'd thee in her sheltering arms
 With rapture—*where is she ?*

To heed thine every want
 The watch of Love is near,
 And all thy feeble plaints are heard
 With sympathy sincere ;
 Yet she, to whom that care
 Had been most deeply dear,
 Who bare thee on her ceaseless prayer,
The mother—is not here.

Soon will these lips of rose
 Their new-born speech essay,
 But when thy little hopes and fears
 Win forth their lisping way,
 The ear that would have lov'd
 Their dove-like music best,
 Lies mouldering in the lowly bed
 Of death's unbroken rest.

Babe !—tho' thou may'st not call
 Thy mother from the dead,
 Yet canst thou learn the way she went,
 And in her footsteps tread ;

For sure that path will lead
 Up to a glorious home,
 Where happy spirits never part,
 And evil cannot come.

Her's was the hope that glows
 Unwavering and serene,
 The chaste'n'd spirit's meek repose
 In every changeful scene ;
 Her's was the victor-power
 When mortal anguish came,—
 Child!—be thy holy trust thro' life,
 Thy peace in death, the same.

FUNERAL IN A NEW COLONY.

AMID the forest-skirted plain
 A few rude cabins spread,
 And from their doors a humble train
 Pass'd forth with drooping head ;
 They hied them to the dead man's home,
 Lone hearth, and vacant chair,
 Deep sorrow dimm'd that lowly dome,
 Yet rose no voice of prayer.

His widow'd wife was weeping loud,
 While closely to her breast,
 Affrighted at the unwonted crowd,
 A wondering infant prest,

His aged mother bending low
With poverty and care,
Sent forth a feeble wail of woe,—
Where was the soothing prayer?

They bare him through his cultured land,
They halted not to weep;
That corn was planted by his hand,
Who shall its harvest reap?
On, on, beneath his favorite trees
That coffin'd corpse they bear,
A sighing sound was on the breeze,
But still no voice of prayer.

Where his own plough had broke the soil,
A narrow grave was made,
And 'mid the trophies of his toil
The Emigrant they laid;
But none the balm of Heaven to shed,
With priestly power was there,
No hallow'd lip above the dead
To lift the voice of prayer.

DEATH OF THE REV. ALFRED MITCHELL.

One of his last inquiries was,—“Am I so near my home?”

So near thy home, blest saint? Thy Father's house

Hath many mansions, if it were not so

*He would have told thee, who hath *there* prepar'd*

A place for thee, his servant. Earth's array

Of charms was strong to tempt thy lingering love.

The fond communings round thy native hearth,

Where 'mid the honor'd and the blest did blend

Soul deep with soul, thy own unclouded home,

Thy answer'd sympathies, thy hallow'd hopes,

A parent's joys close clustering round thy heart,

The flock that gather'd near thee, pleas'd to learn

From thy mild eye, and lip benign, the will

Of the Chief Shepherd,—ties like these were thine.

—And one there is, who with a widow'd heart

Through the lone shadows of life's pilgrim-path,

Will follow in thy footsteps, even as thou

Didst follow Christ.

Thy pleasant spot of birth

Is sad without thee, and an ancient head

Circled with years and blessings as a crown

Bows low with the first pang *thou* e'er didst cause

A father's bosom. Ah! and there are tears

Of tender love in many an eye for thee,

Sackcloth and ashes in the house of God.

'Tis well. Pure spirits should not pass unmourn'd,

This earth is poor without them. But a view

Of better climes broke on thee, and thy soul

Rose o'er its stricken tent with outspread wing
 Of seraph rapture : for to reach a home
 Where is no restless hope, no vain desire,
 No film o'er faith's bright eye, for love no blight,
 Is glorious gain : and lo ! that home is thine.

“DEPART, CHRISTIAN SOUL.”

DEPART, depart ! The silver cord is breaking,
 The sun-ray fades before thy darken'd sight,
 The subtle essence from the clod is taking
 Mid groans and pangs its everlasting flight ;
 Lingerest thou fearful ? Christ the grave hath blest,
 He, in that lowly couch did deign to take his rest.

Depart ! thy sojourn here hath been in sorrow,
 Tears were thy meat along thy thorn-clad path,
 The hope of eve was but a clouded morrow,
 And sin appall'd thee with thy Maker's wrath,
 Earth gave her lessons in a tempest-voice
 Thy discipline is ended. Chasten'd one, rejoice !

Thou wert a stranger here, and all thy trouble
 To bind a wreath upon the brow of pain,
 To build a bower upon the watery bubble
 Or strike an anchor 'neath its depths, was vain ;
 Depart ! Depart ! All tears are wiped away,
 Thy seraph-marshall'd road is toward the realm of day.

DEATH OF THE REV. W. C. WALTON.

So, from the field of labor, thou art gone
To thy reward,—like him who putteth off
His outer garment, at the noon-tide hour,
To take a quiet sleep. Thy zeal hath run
Its course untiring, and thy quicken'd love
Where'er thy Master pointed, joy'd to go.
—Amid thy faithful toil, his summons came,
Warning thee home,—and thou didst loose thy heart
From thy fond flock, and from affection's bonds,
And from thy blessed children's warm embrace,
With smiles, and songs of praise.

Death smote thee sore,
And plung'd his keen shaft in the quivering nerve,
Making the breath that stirr'd life's broken valve,
A torturing gasp, but with thy martyrdom,
Were smiles, and songs of praise.

And thou didst rise
Above the pealing of these Sabbath bells
Up to that glorious and unspotted Church,
Whose worship is eternal.

Would that all
Who love our Lord, might with thy welcome look
On the last foe, not as a spoiler sent
To wreck their treasures, and to blast their joys,
But as a friend, who wraps the weary clay
With earth, its mother, and doth raise the soul
To that blest consummation, which its prayers
Unceasingly besought, tho' its blest hopes
But faintly shadow'd forth.

So, tho' we hear
 Thy voice on earth no more, the holy hymn
 With which thou down to Jordan's shore didst pass,
 To take thy last, cold baptism, still shall waft
 As from some cloud its echo'd sweetness back,
 To teach us of the melody of Heaven.

“IT IS FINISH'D.”

THE harp of prophecy was hush'd,
 Strange tones its music drown,
 For angel-choirs to Bethlehem's vales
 With songs of peace came down,
 And Christ to Calvary went forth,
 Wearing his thorny crown.

Asunder clave the rifted rocks,
 The quaking Earth did wail,
 Thick darkness came at noon-day up
 The shrinking Sun to veil,
 And from the mouldering charnel-house
 Stalk'd forth the tenants pale.

“'Tis finish'd,” cried the Son of God,
 And yielded up the ghost,
 “'Tis finish'd,” echoed far and wide
 The bright, celestial coast,
 And Man, the sinner, shouted high
 Amid the ransom'd host.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

*Not dead? A marble seal is prest,
Where her bright glance did part,
A weight is on the pulseless breast,
And ice around the heart;
No more she wakes with greeting smile,
Gay voice, and buoyant tread,
But yet ye calmly say the while,
She sleeps, she is not dead.*

*"Mourn'st thou for clay alone?" Behold
A voice from Heaven replied,
"Then be thine anguish uncontrol'd,
Thy tears a heathen tide;
Thine idol was that vestment fair
Which wraps the spirit free,
Earth, air and water claim their share,
Say! which shall comfort thee?*

*But the strong mind whose heaven-born thought
No earthly chain could bind,
The holy heart divinely fraught
With love to all mankind,
The humble soul whose early trust
Was with its God on high,
*These were thy Sister, who in dust
May sleep, but cannot die."**

THE JOURNEY WITH THE DEAD.

THEY journey 'neath the summer sky,
 A lov'd and loving train,
 But Nature spreads her genial charms
 To lure their souls in vain,
 Husband and wife and child are there,
 Warm-hearted, true and kind,
 Yet every kindred lip is seal'd,
 And every head declin'd.

Weary and sad, their course is bent
 To seek an ancient dome,
 Where hospitality hath made
 A long-remember'd home ;
 And one with mournful care they bring
 Whose footstep erst was gay
 Amid these halls ; why comes she now
 In sorrow's dark array ?

Here fell a sainted grandsire's prayer
 Upon her infant rest,
 And with the love of ripen'd years
 The cherish'd haunt was blest ;
 Here was the talisman that bade
 Her heart's blood sparkle high,
 Why steals no flush across her cheek ?
 No lightning to her eye ?

They bear her to the house of God,
 But though that hallow'd spot
 Is fill'd with prayer from lips she lov'd
 Her voice respondeth not,

She heedeth not, she heedeth not,
 She, who from early days
 Had joy'd within that holy Church
 To swell Jehovah's praise.

Then onward toward a narrow cell
 They tread the grass-grown track
 From whence the unreturning guest
 Doth send no tidings back ;
 There sleeps the grandsire high and brave
 In freedom's battles tried,*
 With him whose banner was the cross
 Of Jesus crucified.

Down by those hoary chiefs she laid
 Her young, unfrosted head,
 To rise no more, until the voice
 Of Jesus wakes the dead,
 From her own dear, domestic bower,
 From deep, confiding love,
 From earth's unshaded smile, she turn'd
 To purer bliss above.

PRISONERS' EVENING HYMN.

Written for the Females in the Connecticut State Prison.

THE silent curtains of the night
 Each lonely cell surround,
 God's dwelling is in perfect light,
 His mercy hath no bound.

* General Putnam.

Still on the sinful and the vile
His daily bounties fall,
Still comes the sun with cheerful smile
Dispensing good to all.

The way of wickedness is hard,
Its bitter fruits we know,
Shame in this world is its reward,
And in the future, woe.

Oh Thou ! who see'st us while we pay
The penance of our guilt,
Cast not our souls condemn'd away,
Christ's blood for us was spilt.

Deep root within a heart subdued
May true repentance take,
And be its fruits a life renew'd,
For the Redeemer's sake.

Uplift our spirits from the ground,
Give to our darkness, light,
Oh Thou ! whose mercies have no bound,
Preserve us safe this night.

THE HUGUENOT PASTOR.

During the persecution of the Huguenots in France, soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, one of their ministers, possessed of great learning and piety, having witnessed the demolition of his own Church at Montpelier, was induced by the solicitations of his people, to preach to them in the night, upon its ruins. For this offence, he was condemned to be broken on the wheel.

BEHOLD him on the ruins,—not of fanes
With ivy mantled, which the touch of time
Hath slowly crumbled,—but amid the wreck
Of his own temple, by infuriate hands
In shapeless masses, and rude fragments strown
Wide o'er the trampled turf. Serene he stood,
A pale, sad beauty on his youthful brow,
With eyes uprais'd, as if his stricken soul
Fled from material things. Where was the spire
That solemn through those chestnut trees look'd forth ?
The tower, the arch, the altar whence he bless'd
A kneeling throng ? the font where infancy
Rais'd in his arms to God was consecrate,
An incense-breathing bud ? Not on such themes
Dar'd his fond thoughts to dwell, but firm in faith
He lifted up his voice, and spake of Heaven
Where desolations come not.

Midnight hung
Dreary and dense around, and the lone lamp
That o'er his Bible stream'd, hung tremulous
Beneath the fitful gale.

There, resting deep
Upon the planted staff, were aged men,
The grave's white tokens in their scatter'd hair,

And youthful forms, with gaze intensely fix'd
 On their beloved Pastor, as he taught
 Of Christ their righteousness, while here and there
 A group of mourning mothers from whose arms
 Their babes by persecution's rage were torn
 Blent with their listening, the low sob of grief.
 Close by their fathers' knees, young children cower'd,
 And in each echoing footstep fear'd a foe.

—It was a time of trouble, and the flock
 Came hungering for that heavenly bread which gives
 Strength to the heavy-laden. 'Twas a scene
 That France might well have wept with tears of blood
 But in the madness of a dire disease
 She slew her faithful sons, and urg'd the sword
 'Gainst her own vitals.

Lo ! the dawn is out,
 With her grey banner, and the parting flock
 Seek their own homes, praising the Hand that spares
 Their faithful Shepherd. Silent evening wakes
 Far different orgies. Yonder mangled form
 Sinking 'neath murderous fury, can ye trace
 Its lineaments of beauty, 'mid the wreck
 Of anguish and distortion ? Son of God !
 Is this *thy* messenger, whose voice so late
 Thrill'd with an angel's sweetness, as it pour'd
 Thy blessing on the people ?

Yet, be still,
 And breathe no bitter thought above his dust,
 Who served the Prince of Peace. The spirit of love
 Did make that lifeless breast its temple-shrine,
 Offend it not. But raise with tender hand
 Those blood-stain'd curls, and shed the pitying tear.

—That marble lip no more can bless its foes,
But from the rack of martyrdom, the soul
Hath risen in radiance, o'er the strife of man.

HOME MISSIONS.

TURN thee to thine own broad waters,
Labor in thy native earth,
Call salvation's sons and daughters
From the clime that gave thee birth.

Here are pilgrim-souls benighted,
Here are evils to be slain,
Graces in their budding blighted,
Spirits bound in error's chain.

Raise the Gospel's glorious streamer
Where yon cloud-topp'd forest waves,
Follower of the meek Redeemer
Serve him 'mid thy fathers' graves.

“THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.”

WHEN Heaven's unerring pencil writes, on every pilgrim's breast,
Its passport to Time's changeful shore, “*lo, this is not your rest,*”
Why build ye towers, ye fleeting ones? why bowers of fragrance
rear!

As if the self-deceiving soul might find its Eden here.

In vain! In vain! wild storms will rise and o'er your fabrics sweep,
 Yet when loud thunders wake the wave, and deep replies to deep,
 When in your path, Hope's broken prison, doth shed its parting ray,
 Spring up and fix your tearful eye on undeclining day.

If like an ice-bolt to the heart, frail Friendship's altered eye
 Admits these rosy wreaths are dead, it promis'd could not die,
 Lift, lift to an Eternal Friend, the agonizing prayer,
 The souls that put their trust in Him, shall never know despair.

If Fancy, she who bids young Thought, its freshest incense bring,
 By stern reality rebuk'd, should fold her stricken wing,
 There is a brighter, broader realm than she hath yet reveal'd,
 From flesh-girt man's exploring eye, and anxious ear conceal'd.

Earth is Death's palace: to his court he summons great and small,
 The crown'd, the homeless and the slave, are but his minions all ;
 We turn us shrinking from the truth, the close pursuit we fly,
 But faultering on the grave's dark brink, do lay us down and die.

ON THE UNION OF LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN, WITH THOSE OF AMERICA, IN PLANS OF BENE- VOLENCE FOR AFRICA.

IT is not least of all thy praise,
 Fair Isle ! so long renown'd in story,
 Nor faintest 'mid the gather'd rays
 That form thy coronet of glory,

That clasping thus a daughter's hand,
Her earnest guidance fondly heeding,
Thou turn'st thee toward that trampled land
'Neath many a poison'd arrow bleeding.

And wherefore turn'st thou?—To restore
The ancient boast of Nile's dark bollow
Which cradled Science calmly bore
Like Moses on his reed-twin'd pillow?
To bid stern Cheop's mountain-height
Aspire, while vassal realms are weeping?
Or rouse again the buried might
Of Carthage, 'mid her ashes sleeping?

Ah no.—To dry the burning tear,
To stifle murderous War's commotion,
To bid the slave-ship homeward steer
Unfreighted, o'er accusing Ocean,
To plant on lone Liberia's height
Undaunted Freedom's stainless streamer,
And bear to those who grope in night
Glad tidings of a blest Redeemer.

Go on thy way, thou Queen of Isles!
Sahara's sands shall bloom before thee,
And Niger, 'mid his sinuous wiles
Waft clouds of breathing incenſe o'er thee,
And lo! this young and ardent West
Rehearsing grateful Afric's story,
Shall grave upon her filial breast,
Proud record of a Mother's glory.

UZZIAH.

II. *Chronicles, Chap. 26.*

THE star of Judah's king rode high, in plenitude of power,
 And lauded was his sceptre's sway, in palace and in bower,
 Fresh fountains in the desert waste, up at his bidding sprung,
 And clustering vines o'er Carmel's breast, a broader mantle flung,
 He hied him to the battle-field, in all his young renown,
 And wild Arabia's swarthy host, like blighted grass fell down.

Yet when within his lifted heart, the seeds of pride grew strong
 And unacknowledg'd blessings led to arrogance and wrong,
 Even to the temple's holy place, with impious step he hied,
 And with a kindling censer stood fast by the altar's side ;
 But he whose high and priestly brow, the anointing oil had blest,
 Stood forth majestic to rebuke the sacrilegious guest.

“ ‘Tis not for thee,” he sternly said, “ to tread this hallow'd nave,
 And take that honor to thyself, which God to Aaron gave,
 ‘Tis not for thee, thou mighty king, o'er Judah's realm ordain'd,
 To trample on Jehovah's law, by whom thy fathers reign'd,
 Go hence !” And from his awful eye, there seem'd such ire to
 flame,

As mingled with the thunder-blast, when God to Sinai came.

Then loud the reckless monarch storm'd, and with a daring hand,
 He swung the sacred censer high above the trembling band,
 But where the burning sign of wrath did in his forehead flame,
 Behold ! the avenging doom of heaven, the livid plague-spot came:
 And low his princely head declin'd, in bitterness of woe,
 While from the temple-gate he sped,—a leper white as snow.

"Then whose shall those things be that thou hast provided?"
Luke xii, 20.

Thou hast a fair domain,
Most proud and princely halls,
And richly thro' the crystal pane,
Thro' bowering branches fresh with rain,
The golden sunbeam falls,
Thick vine-leaves o'er thy grotto meet
In soft and fragrant gloom,
But who shall fill that favorite seat
When thou art in thy tomb?

The wealth of every age
Thou hast center'd here,
The ancient tome, the classic page,
The wit, the poet, and the sage,
All at thy nod appear;
But studious head and anxious breast
To palsied Death must yield;
Whose eye shall on those volumes rest
When thine in dust is seal'd?

Thou lov'st the burnish'd gold,
The silver from the mine,
The diamond glittering bright and cold,
And hoards, perchance, of gems untold,
Do in thy coffers shine;
But when affection's eye shall weep
Its few, brief tears for thee,
When thou in thy dark grave dost sleep
Whose shall these treasures be?

Thy children's? Bid some few short years
 Fulfill their hastening claims,
Where are they? Ask the mourner's tears,
 A stanger in their place appears,
 Forgotten are their names,
 Their memory like the snow shall melt
 From the green hillock's head,
 And where they once in plenty dwelt,
 Their offspring ask for bread.

But if thy love to God sincere
 By love to Man be shown,
 By pity's deed, contrition's tear,
 Faith in a Saviour's merits dear,
 Distrustful of thine own ;
 If thou hast in thy casket laid
 Such treasures rich and free,
 Beyond dread Death's oblivious shade,
 Look ! they shall go with thee.

“REDEEMING THE TIME.”

Why break the limits of permitted thought
 To revel in Elysium ? thou who bear'st
 Still the stern yoke of this unresting life,
 Its toils, its hazards, and its fears of change ?
 Why hang thy frost-work wreath on Fancy's brow,
 When labor warns thee to thy daily task,
 And Faith doth bid thee gird thyself to run

Thy thorny journey to the gate of Heaven ?
Up, 'tis no dreaming-time ! awake ! awake !
For He who sits on the high Judge's seat,
Doth in his record note each wasted hour,
Each idle word. Take heed, thy shrinking soul
Find not their weight too heavy, when it stands
At that dread bar, from whence is no appeal.
Lo, while ye trifle, the light sand steals on
Leaving the hour-glass empty, and thy life
Glideth away,—stamp wisdom on its hours.

THE GRAVE.

Who in a faithful breast our frailties hides
Breathing them not to the invidious ear,
But with oblivion's mantle covering all?
Friendship?

Alas ! Her most immaculate shrine
Hath sometimes yielded to the traitor's key,
And she with Luna's ever-varying phase
Reveal'd her own infirmity. *The Grave,*
The voiceless Grave shall be to thee a friend
Who breaks no promise and no trust betrays.
—What hand our virtues decks with fadeless bloom,
Throwing fresh fragrance o'er their timid buds ?
Memory?

—Ah, no !—She, like a reaper blind,
Or impotent with age, oft gathereth tares
Into her garner, and doth leave the wheat

To moulder all unbound. *The Grave* alone
 Shall do this office for us. Why, O Grave !
 Giver of rest to Earth's o'erladen ones,
 Whose love doth shame our friendship, and whose care
 Treasures what Memory scatters,—why with haste
 Of bitter loathing, turn we from thine arms ?

ON THE CELEBRATION OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH
 DAY AT ROME, BY AMERICANS.—FEB. 22, 1829.

THERE is a festive strain within the walls
 Of the Eternal City, and high praise
 Unto the glorious dead. Beauty doth twine
 Her votive wreath, and Eloquence and Song
 In eulogy burst forth. To whom, O Rome,
 Mid all thy heroes, all thy demi-gods,
 Thy purple-rob'd and mitred ones, to whom
 Riseth this homage ? But she wav'd her hand
 And pointed me in silence as of scorn
 Unto a stranger-band. Yes, there they stood,
 The children of that Western Clime which slept
 In embryo darkness, when tiara'd Rome
 In all the peevish plenitude of power
 Call'd Earth her footstool. There they stood serene,
 True sons of that fair realm which needeth not
 The faded pomp of royal pageantry
 To trick her banner. Wheresoe'er they roam
 Whether 'mid Andes' canopy of cloud,
 Or the sunk cells of groping Labrador,

Or the broad seas, or the bright tropic-isles
Where Nature in her noon-day faintness holds
A long siesta, still their hearts enshrine
Liberty as a God. There, 'neath the shade
Of the Collisseum vaulting up to Heaven,
The time-spar'd arch, the mighty Basilic,
Palace, and pantheon, and monument,
Where throng a wondering world in pilgrimage,
They bow no knee to Cesar, but compel
The kingly Tiber to pronounce the name
Of their own Washington. Sublime they pour
Warm Memory's incense to their Country's Sire,
He, who in pliant infancy was train'd
By Spartan nurture *first to rule himself*,
And then a young, embattled host to lead
Through toil and terror, to a glorious seat
Among the nations. Then when every eye
Of every clime was bent on him with awe
Like adoration, from his breast he rent
The adhesive panoply of power, retir'd
From the loud peans of a world, to sleep
Uncrown'd, uncoronetted, 'mid the soil
His hands had till'd. Henceforth let none decry
The majesty of virtue, since she stands
Simply on the high places of the earth,
Her open forehead to the scanning stars,
And the pure-hearted worship her, while Pride
And tyrant power and laurell'd Victory
Do give their sculptur'd trophies to the owl,
And noisome bat, and to the shades pass on
With such memorial as ne'er wrung a tear.

"O, come! let us walk in the light of the Lord."—Isaiah ii. 5.

HOPE sheds on man's first waking hours
A lustre pure and fair,
And as his mind unfolds its powers
Her cheering smile is there :
But when his feet life's pathway tread
And his torn bosom bleeds,
And darkening ills around him spread
Her taper's ray recedes.

A brighter torch doth Pleasure boast
To lure his youthful way,
A meteor on a rocky coast
That dazzles to betray.
But woe if his confiding heart
Be with her fetters bound,
The syren hath a poison'd dart
And loves a secret wound.

God hath a light. It beams sublime
On every seeking eye,
When withering 'neath the blasts of time
Both hope and pleasure die :
That light we'll seek. Its ray hath power
To pierce the shrouded tomb,
And guide where tempests never lower
And sorrow dares not come.

THE DAUGHTER.

WHEELS o'er the pavements roll'd, and a light form
Just in the bud of blushing womanhood
Press'd the paternal threshhold. Wrathful Night
Muffled the timid stars, and rain-drops hung
On that fair creature's rich and glossy curls.
She stood, and shiver'd, but no mother's hand
Dried those damp tresses, and with warm caress
Sustain'd the weary spirit. No, that hand
Was with the cold, dull earth-worm.

—Grey and sad,

The tottering nurse rose up, and that old man,
The soldier-servant who had train'd the steeds
Of her slain brothers, for the battle field,
Essay'd to lead her to the couch of pain,
Where her sick father pined. Oft had he yearn'd
For her sweet presence, oft, in midnight's watch,
Mus'd of his dear one's smile, till dreams restor'd
The dove-like dalliance of her ruby lip
Breathing his woes away. But distant far,
She, patient student, bending o'er her tasks,
Toil'd for the fruits of knowledge, treasuring still
In the heart's casket, a fond father's smile,
And the pure music of his welcome-home,
Rich guerdon of her labors.

But there came
A summons of surprise, and on the wings
Of filial love she hasted.

—'Twas too late !
The lamp of life still burn'd,—yet 'twas too late.

The mind had past away, and who could call
 Its wing from out the sky? For the embrace
 Of strong idolatry, was but the glare
 Of a fix'd, vacant eye. Disease had dealt
 A fell assassin's blow. Oh God! the blight
 That fell on those fresh hopes, when all in vain
 The passive hand was grasp'd, while the wide halls
 Echoed to "*father! father!*"

—Through the shades

Of that long, silent night, she sleepless bent,
 Bathing with tireless hand the unmov'd brow,
 And the death-pillow smoothing. When fair Morn
 Came with its rose-tint up, she shrieking clasp'd
 Her hands in joy, for its reviving ray
 Flush'd that wan brow, as if with one brief trace
 Of waking intellect. '*Twas seeming all,*
 And Hope's fond visions faded, while the day
 Rode on in glory. Eve her curtain drew,
 And found that pale and beautiful watcher there,
 Still unreposing. Restless on his couch,
 Toss'd the sick man. Cold Lethargy had steep'd
 The last wan poppy in his heart's red stream,
 And Agony was stirring Nature up
 To struggle with her Spoiler.

"Oh my God!

Would he could sleep!" sigh'd a low, silver voice,
 And then she ran to hush the measur'd tick
 Of the dull night-clock, and to scare the owl
 Which clinging to the casement, hoarsely pour'd
 A boding note. But ah! from that lone couch
 Thick-coming groans announc'd the foe who strikes
 But once. They bare the fainting child away,

And paler than that ashen corse, her face,
Half by a flood of ebon tresses hid,
Droop'd o'er the old nurse's shoulder. It was sad,
To see a *young* heart bursting, while the *old*
Sank to its rest.

There came another change ;
The mournful bell toll'd out the funeral hour,
And many a foot throng'd where the sable hearse
Tarried. Friendship was there, with heavy heart,
Keen Curiosity intent to scan
The lofty mansion,—and gaunt Worldliness
Even o'er the coffin and the warning shroud,
Revolving his vile schemes.

And *one* was there
To whom this earth could render nothing back
Like that pale piece of clay. Calmly she stood,
As marble statue. The old house dog came,
Pressing his rough head to her snowy palm,
All unreprov'd. He for his master mourn'd,
And could she spurn that faithful friend, who oft
His shaggy length through many a fire-side hour
Stretch'd at her father's feet, and round his bed
Of death had watch'd, with wondering, wishful eye,
In fear and sympathy ? No ! on his neck
Her orphan tear had fallen, and by her side
His noble front he rear'd, as proud to guard
The last lov'd relic of his master's house.
There was a calmness on that mourner's brow,
Ill understood by many a lawless glance
Of whispering gossip. Of her sire they spake,
Who suffered scarce the breath of heaven to stir
The tresses of his darling, and who deemed

In the deep passion of his heart's sole love,
 She was a mate for angels. Then they gaz'd
 Upon her tearless cheek, and murmuring said
 "*How strange that he should be so slightly mourn'd!*"
 —Oh woman, oft misconstrued ! the pure pearls
 Lie all too deep in thy heart's secret well,
 For the unpausing and impatient hand
 To win them forth. In that meek maiden's breast
 Sorrow and loneliness sank darkly down,
 While the blanch'd lip breath'd out no boisterous plaint
 Of common grief.

Even on to life's decline,
 Amid the giddy round of prosperous years,
 The birth of new affections, and the joys
 That cluster round earth's favorites, there walk'd
 Still at her side, the image of her Sire,
 As in that hour when his cold, glazing eye
 Met hers, and *knew her not*.—When her full cup
 Perchance had foam'd with pride, that icy glance
 Checking its effervescence, taught her soul
 The chasteñ'd wisdom of attemper'd bliss.

THE FIRST MORNING OF SPRING.

BREAK from your chains, ye lingering streams,
 Rise, blossoms from your wintry dreams,
 Drear fields, your robes of verdure take,
 Birds, from your trance of silence wake,
 Glad trees resume your leafy crown,
 Shrubs, o'er the mirror-brooks bend down,

Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er ye stray,
The Spring doth call you,—come away.
—Thou too, my soul, with quicken'd force
Pursue thy brief, thy measur'd course,
With grateful zeal each power employ,
Catch vigor from Creation's joy,
And deeply on thy shortening span,
Stamp *love to God, and love to man.*
—But Spring with tardy step appears,
Chill is her eye, and dim with tears,
Still are the founts in fetters bound,
The flower-germs shrink within the ground,
Where are the warblers of the sky ?
I ask,—and angry blasts reply.
—It is not thus in heavenly bowers,
Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,
Nor silent harp, nor folded wing
Inade that everlasting Spring,
Toward which we look with wishful tear
While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

THE SOAP BUBBLE.

BRIGHT Globe ! upon the sun-beam tost,
Pure, sparkling, then forever lost,
No crested wave that glittering breaks,
Nor pearl that Wealth admiring takes,
Nor diamond from Golconda's coast
Can half thy changeful brilliance boast.
—Hast thou a voice, to bid us see
An emblem of our infancy,

Our reckless youth, our manhood's strife,
And all the painted gaudes of life ?
—Hope spreads her wing of plumage fair,
Rebuilds her castle bas'd on air,
Its turrets crown'd with frost-work bright,
Its portals filled with rosy light,
A breath of Summer stirs the tree,
Where is that gorgeous dome ?—*with thee.*
—Behold ! array'd in robes of light
Young Beauty charms the gazer's sight,
Fast in her steps the graces tread,
The roseate chaplet decks her head,
But the brief garland fades away,
The bubble bursts,—and *she is clay.*
—Dilate once more thy proudest size,
And deck thee in the rainbow's dies,
Thy boldest flight aspiring dare,
Then vanish to thy native air ;
Love dazzles thus with borrow'd rays,
And thus the trusting heart betrays.
—Again it swells, that chrystral round,
Soars, shines, expands, and seeks the ground,
Save, save that frail and tinted shell !
Where fled its fragments ? who can tell ?
Thus, when the soul from dust is free,
Thus shall it gaze, oh Earth ! on thee.

"I have no greater joy than to see my children walk in the truth."
St. John.

On meeting several former pupils at the Communion Table.

WHEN kneeling round a Saviour's board
Fair forms, and brows belov'd, I see,
Who once the paths of peace explor'd
And trac'd the studious page with me,—

Who from my side with pain would part,
My entering step with gladness greet,
And pour complacent, o'er my heart
Affection's dew-drops, pure and sweet.

When now, from each remember'd face
Beam tranquil faith, and hope benign,
When in each eye Heaven's smile I trace,
The tear of joy suffuses mine.

Father! I bless thy ceaseless care,
Which thus its holiest gifts hath shed,
Guide thou their steps through every snare
From every danger shield their head.

From treacherous error's dire control,
From pride, from change, from darkness free,
Preserve each timorous, trusting soul,
That like the ark-dove flies to thee.

And may the wreath that cloudless days
Around our hearts so fondly wove,
Still bind us till we speak thy praise,
As sister spirits, one in love,—

One, where no lingering ill can harm,
One, where no stroke of fate can sever,
 Where nought but holiness doth charm,
 And all that charms shall live forever.

“TO DIE IS GAIN.”

SAY’ST thou, ‘tis gain to die? And may I ask
How thou hast weigh’d, and by what process brought
 The Apostle’s answer to thy sum of life?
 Where are thy balances, and whose firm hand
 Did poise therein thy talents and their use
 To show such blest result? Time’s capital
 Needs *well* be husbanded, to leave the amount
 Of *gain* behind, when at a moment’s call
 The spirit fleets, and the dissolving flesh
 Yields to the earth-worm’s fang.

Say, hath thy lip

Too often satiate, loath’d the mingled cup
 So madly fill’d at Pleasure’s turbid stream?
 Or hath thine ear, the promises of hope
 Drank on in giddy sickness, till the touch
 Of grave philosophy, their emptiness
 Detected, and to their thin element
 Of air, reduc’d? Or doth thy cheated heart
 Sowing its warm affections on the wind
 And reaping but the whirlwind, turn with scorn
 From every harvest which these changeful skies
 Can ripen or destroy? Then hast thou prov’d

The *loss of life*, but not the *gain of death*.
But hast thou by thy ceaseless prayers obtain'd
Such token of acceptance with thy Lord,
So fill'd each post of duty, so sustain'd
All needful discipline, so deeply mourn'd
Each burden of iniquity, that Death
Comes as a favor'd messenger to lead
To its bright heritage, the willing soul ?
—Searcher of hearts, thou knowest ! *Thou alone*
The hidden thought dost read, the daily act
Note unforgetful. Take away the dross
Of earthly principle, the gather'd film
Of self-deluding hope, the love and hate
Which have their root in dust, until the soul
Regarding life and death with equal eye
Absorbs its will in thine.

THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND, AMONG THE RUINS OF IONA.

WHERE old Iona's ruins spread
In shapeless fragments round,
And where the crown'd and mighty dead
Repose in cells profound,
Where o'er Columba's buried towers
The shrouding ivy steals,
And moans the owl from cloister'd bowers
A holy Teacher kneels.

Rocks spring terrific to the sky,
 Rude seas in madness storm,
 And grimly frowns on Fancy's eye
 The Druid's awful form,
 With mutter'd curse and reeking blade,
 And visage stern with ire,
 Yet 'mid that darkly blended shade
 Still bends the stranger sire.

He prays,—the father for his child,
 The distant and the dear,
 And when yon abbey o'er the wild
 Upraised its arches drear,
 When at high mass, or vesper-strain
 Rich voices fill'd the air,
 From all that cowl'd and mitred train
 Rose there a purer prayer ?

His name is on a simple scroll
 With holy ardor penn'd,
 Which thrilling warns the sinner's soul
 To make his God a friend,
 But when the strong archangel's breath
 Yon ancient vaults shall rend,
 And starting from the dust of death
 These waken'd throngs ascend.

Meek saint ! The boldest of the bold
 That sword or falchion drew,
 Barons whose feudal glance control'd
 Vassal and monarch too,

Proud heroes of the tented field,
Kings of a vaunted line,
May wish their blood-bought fame to yield
For honors won like thine.

PEACE.

HISTORY hath set her crown
Upon the Conqueror's head,
And bade the awe-struck world bow down
Before his banner'd tread.
So down the world hath bow'd
Upon her letter'd page,
And the wild homage of the crowd
Swell'd on from age to age.

What miseries mark'd his way,
How oft the orphan wept,
How deep the earth in sackcloth lay
No trace her annal kept.
Though like a torrent's flow
The widow's tear gush'd out,
The current of that secret woe
Quell'd not the victor's shout.

The Gospel's sacred scroll
A different standard shows,
Its plaudit on the humble soul
And contrite, it bestows.

To men of holy life
 Its glorious crown is given,
 Who nurse amid this vale of strife,
 The peaceful germs of Heaven.

LAZARUS.

THE Grave, that never loos'd its hold,
 But on its prey insatiate fed,
 Restores a victim, pale and cold,
 He cometh forth, *the sheeted dead*.
 Ah ! wherefore com'st thou ? safely past
 The gate of agony and pain,
 That pang endured, the worst, the last,
 Why dar'st thou thus that strife again ?
 Com'st thou to share the traitor-kiss,
 That Earth bestows at Wisdom's cost ?
 Com'st thou to gather pearls of bliss,
 And find them broken, strew'd, and lost ?
 True, Bethany's green vales are bright,
 Thy sister's home is sad for thee,
 But Paradise hath purer light,
 And love without infirmity.
 Methought he spake, that fearful form,
 The sleeper, 'neath the burial sod,
 The accepted brother of the worm,
 "Behold my Saviour, and my God !"

And if in Time's remoter hour
Cold doubt should rise, from error bred,
Through me proclaim *His* godlike power
Who rul'd the tomb and rais'd the dead.

“ THERE GO THE SHIPS.”

WHITE-ROB'D wanderers of the deep,
Whither speeds your trackless way ?
Toward some islet's rocky steep,
Crowded mart, or swelling bay ?
Polar ice, or tropic clime ?
Zone where lingering mystery slept ?
Region whence oblivious time
Hath the mouldering empire swept ?

Bear'st thou in thy wind-tost car
Wealth to purchase wealth again ?
Or the elements of war
Thundering o'er the hostile main ?
Hid'st thou in thy hollow breast
Hearts in manly vigor warm ?
Courage with his dauntless crest ?
Venturous Beauty's fragile form ?

Heed'st thou on thy stately course
All the dangers of the wave ?
Stretching reefs, or breakers hoarse,
Wrecks that strew the watery grave ?

Chambers where the mighty sleep
 Powerless as the infant dead,
 While the unfathomable deep
 O'er them draws its curtain dread.

Gleaming pearls their pillow light,
 Coral boss'd with ruby gem,
 Builds their mausoleum bright ;
 What is Ocean's wealth to them ?
 Shouldst thou when the tempest's wrath
 Mingles cloud and surging sea,
 Plunge that same sepulchral path
 What were all Earth's gold to thee ?

Prayer's soft breath thy sails can fill,
 Guide the prosperous on thy way,
 Though, perchance, the pilot's skill
 Yield to peril and dismay,
 Though the needle's baffled care
 Point not to its destin'd pole,
 Still the God who heareth prayer
 Rules the Sea, and saves the soul.

" And David said, Let me now fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great,—and let me not fall into the hand of man." 2 Sam. xxiv, 14.

MAN hath a voice severe,
 His neighbors fault to blame,
 A wakeful eye, a listening ear
 To note his brother's shame.

He, with suspicious glance
The curtain'd breast doth read,
And raise the accusing balance high,
To weigh the doubtful deed.

Oh Thou, whose piercing thought
Doth note each secret path,
For mercy to Thy throne, we fly,
From man's condemning wrath.

Thou, who dost dimness mark
In Heaven's resplendent way,
And folly in that angel host
Who serve thee night and day.

How fearless should our trust
In thy compassion be,
When from our brother of the dust
We dare appeal to Thee.

FILIAL CLAIMS.

Who bendeth with meek eye, and bloodless cheek
Thus o'er the new-born babe ? content to take
As payment for all agony and pain,
Its first soft kiss, its first breath on her brow,
The first faint pressure of its tiny hand ?
It is not needful that I speak the name
Of that *one being on this earth*, whose love
Doth never falter.

Answer me, young man,
 Thou, who thro' chance and change of time hast trod
 Thus far, when some with vengeful wrath have mark'd
 Thy waywardness, or in thy time of woe
 Deserted thee, or with a rainbow smile
 Lur'd and forsook, or on thine errors scowl'd
 With unforgiving memory,—*did she?*
Thy Mother?

Child! in whose rejoicing heart
 The cradle-scene is fresh, the lulling hymn
 Still clearly echoed, when the blight of age
 Withereth that bosom, where thine head doth lay,
 When pain shall paralyze the arm that clasps
 Thy form so tenderly, *wilt thou forget?*
 Wilt thou be weary, tho' long years should ask
 The patient offices of love to gird
 A broken mind?

Turn back the book of life
 To its first page. What deep trace meets thee there?
Lines from a Mother's pencil. When her scroll
 Of life is finish'd and the hand of Death
 Stamps that strong seal, which none but God can break,
 What should its *last trace be?*

Thy bending form
 In sleepless love, the dying couch beside,
 Thy tender hand upon the closing eye,
 Thy kiss upon the lips, thy prayer to Heaven,
 The chasten'd rendering of thy filial trust,
 Up to the white-wing'd angel ministry.

SAILOR'S HYMN.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."—Psalm cxxx.

THE tempest beat against my bark,
The wrathful winds were high,
And threatening blasts, like couriers brought
Dark tidings from the sky ;

And hoarsely o'er my sinking head
Roll'd on the thundering sea,
Then, from the regions of the dead,
Oh Lord ! I cried to thee.

The faithless Sun, behind the cloud
Withdrew his guiding light,
And every star its lamp withheld
From that portentous night.

They fled, and left me all alone
In darkness, and in fear,
And so I told my woes to God,
And He vouchsafed to hear.

Yes, from the lowest depths, to Him
I rais'd a fervent cry,
Why should a helpless worm despair,
When such a friend is nigh ?

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

I WAS a pensive pilgrim at the foot
 Of the crown'd Alleghany, when he wrapp'd
 His purple mantle gloriously around,
 And took the homage of the princely hills,
 And ancient forests, as they bow'd them down,
 Each in his order of nobility.

—And then, in glorious pomp, the sun retir'd
 Behind their solemn shadow. And his train
 Of crimson, and of azure and of gold
 Went floating up the zenith,—tint on tint,
 And ray on ray,—till all the concave caught
 His parting benediction.

But the glow

Faded to twilight, and dim twilight sank
 In deeper shade, and there that mountain stood
 In awful state, like dread ambassador
 'Tween earth and heaven. Methought it frown'd severe,
 Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
 The accusing forehead sternly toward the sky
 To witness 'gainst its sins. And is it meet
 For thee, swell'd out in cloud-cap'd pinnacle
 To scorn thine own original, the dust
 That feebly eddying on the angry winds
 Doth sweep thy base ? Say, is it meet for thee,
 Robing thyself in mystery, to impeach
 This nether sphere, from whence thy rocky root
 Draws depth and nutriment ?

But lo ! a star

The first meek herald of advancing night,

Doth peer above thy summit, as some babe
Might gaze with brow of timid innocence
Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star !
Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world,
Thine uncondemning glance doth aptly teach
Of that untiring mercy, which vouchsafes
Thee light,—and *man* salvation.

Not to mark

And treasure up his follies, or recount
Their secret record in the court of Heaven,
Thou coms't. Methinks, thy tenderness would shroud
With trembling mantle, his infirmities.

The purest natures are most pitiful.

But they who feel corruption strong within,
Do launch their darts most fiercely at the trace
Of their own image, in another's breast.

—So the wild bull, that in some mirror spies
His own mad visage, furiously destroys
The frail reflector. But thou, stainless Star !
Shalt stand a watchman on Creation's walls,
While race on race their little round shall mark,
And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all,
Who thro' this evening scene may wander on,
And from yon mountain's cold magnificence
Turn to thy milder beauty, point to all,
The eternal love that nightly sends thee forth,
A silent teacher of its boundless lore.

DEATH OF A FORMER PUPIL.

I saw her toiling for the unclad poor
 With tireless zeal, and bending o'er the sick
 Through the long watches of the winter night.
 Why laid she thus their burdens to her heart
 Forgetful of youth's pleasures ? Did some voice
 Prophetic warn her of that hastening clime
 Where are no sick to comfort, and no poor
 To need a garment ? Felt she that her step
 Was near that threshhold where the weary rest ?
 —We may not say what light was in her soul,—
 For that Blest Book which speaks the Eternal Mind
 Was her close counsellor, and night and day
 She woo'd its wisdom with a childlike love,
 'Till the wild gladness of her nature took
 A deeper and a holier tint, like one
 Who girds his Sabbath-mantle meekly on,
 To tread God's courts.

Come ! 'tis a holy hour,
 For Easter-morn is purpling the far hills,
 And She, our Church, a weeping pilgrim long,
 Fast by the footsteps of her suffering Lord,
 Up to his cross, and downward to his tomb,
 Doth hail his rising. Lo ! her feast is spread,
 And her anointed herald hath announc'd
 In "Christ's behalf," the invitation blest—
 Come, thou art bidden, daughter. 'Twas thy prayer
 To lift thy young heart's banner up this day,
 Before his altar, and to join the host
 Who follow him to death. Behold, they kneel
 With meek obedience to their Master's voice,

And through the consecrated emblems seek
Remission of their sins. Why lingerest thou?
—They pointed to a chamber and a couch,
Where fever with its red and quenchless fires
Wrought in Life's citadel. Yet 'mid the pain
And tossing of that sleepless agony
When every nerve was quivering, and the veins
Shrank from the lava-tide that thro' them flow'd
There rose a prayer to Jesus, and those lips
So parch'd and pallid, spake the words of Heaven.
Death drew the curtain, and she slept in peace:
But tears are flowing 'mid the pleasant halls
Where her affections rested, shedding forth
Fresh brilliance, like some never-setting star.

—Yes, there are lingering sighs of mournful thought
Where Poverty doth trim its naked hearth,
And frequent lisplings of her name from babes
Who by the robes that shield them from the storm,
And by the holy lessons that she taught
Upon the day of God, remember her.

—But keener grief doth dwell in *one* lone heart,
Which by the strongest links of earthly hope
Had bound her to its love, so that each scene
Of bright futurity, the Pastor's home,
Altar and flock, and household hymn at eve
Came coupled with her image.

—Of such woe

Weak language speaketh not. But ye who give
Your angel-welcome to each happy guest
That from time's tribulation riseth pure,
Vouchsafe some echo from your thrilling harps,
That at Heaven's bliss, these woes of earth may fade.

FAREWELL OF A MISSIONARY TO AFRICA, AT
THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

ONCE more, 'neath Autumn's moaning blast,
I seek thy narrow bed,
And is this gush of tears *the last*,
I o'er this turf must shed ?
Seasons may change, and years depart,
Yet none shall here recline
To twine thy memory round his heart
With such a love as mine.

Bound to a dark and heathen clime
For my Redeemer's sake,
What tides of sympathy sublime
At thy loved image wake.
Thy tender care, thy fearless trust,
Thy fond, confiding tone,—
Yet what avails,—since thou art dust,
And I am all alone.

There too, sweet infant, slumbering nigh,
How beautiful wert thou,
Thy mother's spirit in thine eye,
Her smile upon thy brow,
A little while, thy rose-bud light
On my lone path was shed,
A little while,—there came a blight,
And thou art of the dead.

I go,—my best beloved,—farewell !
 Borne o'er the faithless sea,
When the wild waves like mountains swell,
 I will remember thee :
Thy meekness, 'mid affliction's strife,
 Thy lifted glance of prayer,
Thy firmness 'neath the storms of life
 Shall be my pattern there.

And when on Afric's bleeding breast,
 The scorned of every shore,
The chained, the trampled, the opprest,
 Salvation's balm I pour,
Thy zeal, that for a Saviour's name
 Beamed forth with cloudless ray,
Like ancient Israel's pillared flame
 Shall cheer my pilgrim way.

If toiling 'mid that sultry glade
 The Spoiler's call I hear,
Or 'neath the palm-tree's murmuring shade
 It warns my willing ear,
Then may the faith that fired thine eye,
 'Mid pangs untold and strong,
My dying pillow hover nigh,
 And wake the triumph-song.

EXPOSTULATION.

To man reproving Nature said
“ I formed thee soft and mild,
And laid thee on thy cradle-bed
A tender, tearful child ;
Thy feeble wail, thy lisping word,
The soul of kind affection stirred
To guard thy helpless state ;
By fragrant flower and tuneful grove,
I taught my dialect of Love,
How art thou turned to *Hate*.”

Meek pity spake.—“ I lured thy heart
From every cruel deed,
To take the trampled insect's part,
The famished sparrow feed,—
How dost thou scorn my plaintive prayer !
And like the Lion from his lair
The savage combat wage !
Thy brother of the clay destroy,
And with a fierce, demoniac joy
Seek the red battle's rage.”

Religion came with dewy eye,
And mournful was her tone ;
“ I taught thee of that glorious sky
Where discord is unknown,

I bade thee sow the seeds of peace,
 And share those joys that never cease,
 Which no rude sorrows mar ;
 And hast thou all my love forgot,
 My sacred precepts heeded not,
 But bartered *Heaven* for *War*?"

"I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER."

WANDERER, amid the snares
 Of Time's uncertain way,
 Of thousand nameless fears the sport,
 Of countless ills the prey :

A stranger 'mid the land
 Where thy probation lies,
 In peril from each adverse blast
 And e'en from prosperous skies,

In peril from thy friends,
 In peril from thy foes,
 In peril from the rebel heart
 That in thy bosom glows ;

Hast thou no Father's house
 Beyond this pilgrim scene,
 That thou on Earth's delusive props
 With bleeding breast dost lean ?

Yet not a Mother's care
Who for her infant sighs,
When absence shuts it from her arms
Or sickness dims its eye,

Transcends the love divine,
The welcome full and free,
With which the glorious King of Heaven
Will stretch his arms to thee,

When thou with contrite tear
Shalt wait within his walls,
Imploring but the broken bread
That from his table falls.

No more his mansion shun,
No more distrust his grace,
Turn from the orphanage of earth
And find a Sire's embrace.

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Yes, this is holy ground,
Lay me to slumber here,
The cherish'd thoughts of early days,
Have made this spot most dear,—
Fast by the hallow'd church
Where first I learned to pray
In faith, and penitence and peace,—
Make ye my bed of clay.

Though life hath been to me
 A scene of joy and love,
 And sweet affections round my heart
 Unchanging garlands wove,
 Though knowledge in its power
 At studious midnight came,
 Enkindling in my raptur'd mind,
 A bright, unwavering flame ;

 Yet dearer far than all,
 Was Heaven's celestial lore :
 Then come, belov'd and youthful train,
 Who hear my voice no more,
 Come, sing the hymn I taught,
 Here, by my lowly bed,
 And with your Sabbath-lessons blend
 Sweet memory of the dead.

“ He gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom.”—Isaiah.

On the death of a member of the Infant School.

LAMB ! in a clime of verdure,
 Thy favored lot was cast,
 No serpent 'mid thy flow'ry food,
 Upon thy fold no blast,—
 Thine were the chrystral fountains,
 And thine a cloudless sky,
 Amid thy sports a star of love
 Thy playmate brother's eye.

Approving guides caress'd thee
 Where'er thy footsteps rov'd ;
 The ear that heard thee bless'd thee,
 The eye that saw thee lov'd ;
 Yet life hath snares and sorrows
 From which no friend can save,
 And evils might have thronged thy path
 Which thou wert weak to brave.

There is a Heavenly Shepherd,
 And ere thy infant charms
 Had caught the tinge of care or woe
 He call'd thee to his arms,
 And though the shadowy valley,
 With Death's dark frown was dim,
 Light cheer'd the stormy passage,
 And thou art safe with *Him*.

RELIGIOUS TRACTS.

THEY descend to the humblest lot,
 They are found in the proudest dome,
 And free to the hearth of the lowliest cot,
 Like the beam of Heaven they come.

When the way-side beggar wails
 They are with him in his care,
 To tell of a refuge that never fails,
 Of a wealth he may freely share.

In the sailor's chest they sleep,
They check his ribald-song,
They kindle a flame in his musing breast,
'Mid the night watch cold and long.

Like the light-wing'd bird they rove
Untir'd from zone to zone,
With links of love they enchain the world
To Mercy's changeless throne.

EDUCATION OF PIOUS AND INDIGENT YOUNG MEN.

THERE are, who knowledge prize,
Who for its blessings pray,
But penury shuts it from their eyes,
Rend ye those shades away.

There are, who fain would toil
The immortal mind to lead,
They have no skill to-till its soil,
Send ye the gifts they need.

Ye, who such bounty yield
Like Heaven's reviving rain,
Who gird these striplings for the field
Shall see Goliath slain.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MUSICIAN.

MUSIC was in thy heart, and fast entwin'd,
And closely knotted with its infant strings,
Were the rich chords of melody. When youth
And Science led thee to their classic bower
A pale and patient student, the lone lamp
Of midnight vigil, found thee pouring out
Thy soul in dulcet sound. In Memory's cell,
Still live those thrilling tones, as erst they broke
Beguiling with sweet choral symphonies
The festal hour. But lo! while thou didst wake
The solemn organ to entrancing power,
Tracing the secret spells of harmony,
On through deep rapture's labyrinthine maze,
Devotion came, and breath'd upon thy brow,
And made her temple in thy tuneful breast.
So, Music led thee to thy Saviour's feet,
Serene and true disciple, and their harps
Who fondly hold untiring guardianship
O'er frail man's pilgrim-path, were tremulous
With joy for thee.

Nor vainly to thy soul
Came Heaven's high message, wrapp'd in minstrelsy,
For to its service, with unshrinking zeal
The blossom of thy life was dedicate.
Thy hand was on God's altar, when a touch
Sudden and strange and icy-cold, unloos'd
Its fervent grasp. Thy gentle heart was glad
With the soft promise of a hallow'd love.
But stern Death dash'd it out. Now there are tears

In tenderest eyes for thee.

—Yet we, who know
 That Earth hath many discords for a soul
 Fine-ton'd and seraph-strung, and that the feet
 Which fain would follow Christ, are sometimes held
 In the dark meshes of a downward course
 Till strong repentance turn them back with tears,
 Do feel thy gain.

”Tis well thou art at home,
 Spirit of melody and peace and love.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

PURE Planet ! to the darken'd west
 Holding thy cresset lone,
 Opposing clouds thy course molest,
 And shade thy silver throne ;
 But soaring o'er the troubled scene
 Unmov'd by frowns of time,
 Thou with fair brow and ray serene
 Dost hold thy way sublime.

Oh ! that I might like thee discern
 My chequer'd path aright,
 And from the *Fount* that fills thy urn
 Drink undelusive light,
 And when that storm which all must meet
 Shall chill my throbbing breast,
 Ascending gain that peaceful seat
 Where all the weary rest.

THE DYING BOY.

His pure cheek pressed the pillow, and its hue
 So late like the fresh rose's heart, was pale,
 While 'mid the clustering curls, those chill dews hung
 Which fall but once.

Still o'er that beauteous brow
 Where fatal languor settled, flash'd the light
 Of intellect, as a faint cry burst forth,
 "Oh ! mother!—mother!"

Then there was a pause,
 A pang too deep for words.

"Your mother sleeps
 In her cold grave, my son. You stood with me
 Beside its brink. Your little hand clasp'd mine
 Convulsively, at those sad, solemn words,
Ashes to ashes!—when the clods fell down
 Upon the coffin lid. Two months have past,
 And every night your cheek was wet with tears,
 For that dear mother. Say, have you forgot ?
 Or roves your mind in dreams ? Speak, dearest one."

—And then the father rais'd that drooping head,
 And laid it on his bosom, and bow'd down
 A listening ear close to those murmuring lips :
 But till their last faint whisper died away,
 There was no sound of answer to his voice,
 Save "*mother ! mother !*"

Deem ye not he err'd !
 For she who at his cradle caught the flame
 Of that deep love, which time may never quench,

Perchance, was nearer to her son, than you
 Who smooth'd the pillow for his fever'd head,
Calling yourselves the living, tho' ye dwell
 In death's own realm, beneath his lifted dart.
 Ye gave his mother to the earth-worm's bed,
 But can ye say that her seraphic smile
 Beam'd not upon him, as he struggling lay
 In the last mortal agony ?

Her lip

Hail'd her frail first-born to this world of tears
 With rapture's speechless kiss. Know ye, how warm,
 How eloquent its welcome to that clime
 Which hath no death-pang ?

If celestial bands

Feel for the unknown habitants of clay,
 A hallow'd train of guardian sympathies,
 And fold their wings around them as they run
 Time's slippery course, with what a flood of joy,
 With what refin'd, exulting intercourse,
 At Heaven's bright threshhold, when all ills are past,
A mother greets her child !

'Tis o'er ! 'Tis o'er !

All earthly strife in that soft sigh doth end.
 Wrap the white grave-robe o'er that stainless form,
 And lay it by *her* side, whose breast so long
 Was the fond pillow for his golden hair.
 Write o'er his narrow tomb, "*'tis well ! 'tis well !*"
 Then turn away and weep :—for weep we must,
 When our most beautiful and treasur'd things
 Fleet from this shaded earth.

How can we see

Our rifled bowers of rest in ruin laid

Without a tear? Yet He, who wills the wound,
Can shed such balm-drops o'er the riven heart,
That its most poignant and deep-rooted grief
Shall bear blest fruit in Heaven.

FILIAL GRIEF.

THE love that blest our infant dream,
That dried our earliest tear,
The tender voice, the winning smile
That made our home so dear,
The hand that urged our youthful thought
O'er low delights to soar,
Whose pencil wrote upon our souls,
Alas! is ours no more.

Go, lay the Bible that she lov'd,
Upon her coffin lid,
Its spirit like a precious balm
Deep in her breast was hid,
And daily o'er its page she bent
With calm and saintly brow,
It was her chosen friend through life:
Take it not from her now.

Bring forth, bring forth the plants she rear'd
To the freest sun and air,
And daily o'er their welfare watch
With all a florist's care,—

Nor let a blossom that she nurs'd,
 A stem she taught to twine,
 By aught of cold forgetfulness
 Droop on the parent vine.

And in our hearts the germs she placed,
 With the warm trust of prayer,
 Still fondly cherish for her sake
 With unabated care ;
 Deep fear of God, good will to man,
 Religion's meek pursuit,
 These were the seeds our mother sowed,—
Let them bear perfect fruit.

“TROUBLE NOT YOURSELVES, FOR HIS LIFE
 IS IN HIM.”

WHERE lingers life when breath is o'er,
 When light and motion part ?
 And when the flowing veins no more
 Supply the pulseless heart ?
 Beneath that brow so deadly fair ?
 That changeless marble cheek ?
 Those lips of adamant ? Say, where
 The *life* of which ye speak ?

For one revered and loved I sought,
 His hand was strangely cold,
 And o'er his form the shroud had wrought
 Its labyrinthine fold,

Kindred and strangers near him prest,
 If *life's* elastic bound,
 Still thrilled that hospitable breast,
 Where was the greeting sound ?

I saw him 'neath that hallowed fane,
 Where souls to God draw near,
 The dirge invoked with melting strain
 His inattentive ear,—
 Borne on by mourning friends he came,
 They bent beneath the dead,
 If *life* inspired that manly frame
 Where was the buoyant tread ?

The clay-cold pillow of his rest,
 Was curtained dark as night,
 Tho' at his fireside, fair and blest,
 The evening lamps were bright,
 And deep, a voice of wailing rose
 From that once happy dome,
 If nought the fount of *being* froze
 Why turned he from his home ?

But while in bitterness I spake,
 Saviour ! thy voice divine
 Claimed for thy cross and sufferings' sake,
 The deathless soul as thine :—
 Then I believed that he who slept
 Survived, tho' Nature failed,
 And while an earthly sorrow wept,
The faith of Heaven prevailed.

DEATH OF MR. OLIVER D. COOKE.

DEATH's shafts are ever busy. The fair haunts
Where least we dread him, and where most the soul
Doth lull itself to fond security
Reveal his ministry ; and were not man
Blind to the future, he might see the sky
Even in the glory of its cloudless prime
Dark with that arrow-flight.

They deemed it so,
Who marked thee like a stately column fall,
And in the twinkling of an eye yield back
Thy breath to Him who gave it. Yes,—they felt,
Who saw thy vigorous footstep strangely chained
Upon the turf it traversed, and the cheek
Flushed high with health, to mortal paleness turn'd,
How awful such a rush from time must be.
Thy brow was calm, yet deep within thy breast
Were ranklings of a recent grief for her
The idol of thy tenderness, with whom
Life had been one long scene of changeless love.
Yea, thou didst watch the winged messenger
In sleepless agony, that bore her hence,—
And when the eye did darken, from whose beams
Thine own had drank from youth its dearest joy,
Upraised thine hands and gave her back to God,
Bowing thy spirit to His righteous will.
The bleeding of thy heartstrings was not staunched,
Nor scarce the tear-gush dried, ere Death's dire frost
Congeal'd the fount of life.

Thy toil had been
 In that brief interval, to bear fresh plants
 From the sweet garden which she loved to tend,
 And bid them on her burial-pillow bloom.
 But ere the young rose, or the willow-tree
 Had taken their simplest rooting, thou wert laid
 Low by her side. It was a pleasant place
 Methought to rest,—earth's weary labor done,
 Fanned by the waving of those drooping boughs,
 And in her company, whom thou didst choose
 From all the world, to travel by thy side,
 Confidingly,—by deep affection cheer'd,
 And in thy faith a sharer.

From the haunts
 Of living men thine image may not fleet
 Noteless away. They will remember thee,
 By many a word of witness for the truth,
 And many a deed of bounty. In the sphere
 Of those sublimer charities that gird
 The mind—the soul—thine was the ready hand :
 And for the hasting of that day of peace
 Which sheathes the sword, thine was the earnest prayer.
 In thine own house and in the church of God
 There will be weeping for thee. Thou no more
 Around thine altar, shalt delight to see
 Thy children, and thy children's children come
 To take thy patriarch blessing,—and no more
 Bring duly to yon consecrated courts
 Thy Sabbath offering. Thou hast gained the rest
 Which earthly Sabbaths dimly shadow forth,
 And to that ransomed family art risen,
 Which have no need of prayer.

But thou, oh man !
 Whose hold on life is like the spider's web,
 Who hast thy footing 'mid so many snares,
 So many pitfalls, yet perceivest them not,—
 Seek peace with Him who made thee,—bind the shield
 Of faith in Christ more firmly o'er thy breast,
 That when its pulse stands still, thy soul may pass
 Unshaking, unreluctant, unamazed,
 Into the fullness of the light of Heaven.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

A Mission Hymn.

Light for the dreary vales
 Of ice-bound Labrador !
 Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails
 Till the mariner wakes no more,
 Lift high the lamp that never fails
 To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child !
 An outcast though he be
 From haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
 And the country of the free,—
 Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert-wild,
 For *what home on earth* has he ?

Light for the cliffs of Greece !
 Light for that trampled clime !
 Where the wrath of the Spoiler refused to cease
 Ere it wrecked the boast of time,—
 See ! the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
 Grudge ye your boon sublime ?

Light on the Hindoo shed !
 On the maddening idol-train ;
 The flame of the Suttee is dire and red,
 And the Fakir faints with pain,
 And the dying moan on their cheerless bed
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !
 The Sophi's wisdom fades,
 And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
 Armour when Death invades ;
 Hark ! Hark ! to the sainted martyr's sigh
 From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !
 For the islands of the sea !
 For the land where the slave-ship fills its sails
 With sighs of agony,
 And her kidnapped babes the mother wails,
 'Neath the lone banana-tree.

Light for the ancient race
 Exiled from Zion's rest !
 Homeless they roam from place to place,
 Benighted and opprest ;
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base,—
 Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth !
 Long midnight fleets away,
 The Gospel day-star springs to birth,
 Whose bright, prelusive ray
 Shall glow, till a glorious morning brings
 Eternity's cloudless day.

THE DEFECTION OF THE DISCIPLES.

"Then all the disciples forsook him and fled."—St. Matthew.

Fled!—and from whom ? The Man of woe
 Who in Gethsemane had felt
 Such pangs as bade the blood-drops flow
 And the crushed heart with anguish melt ?
 They who were gathered round his board,
 Partook his love, beheld his power,
 Saw the sick healed, the dead restored,
 Fail'd they to watch one fearful hour ?

All fled? Yet *one* there was who laid
 His head upon that sacred breast,
 By Friendship's holy ardor made
 A cherished, an illustrious guest ;
One too, who walked with Christ the wave
 When the mad sea confessed his sway,
 And strangely sealed her gaping grave,—
 Fled *these* forgetfully away ?

Yes.—*All* forsook the Master's side
When foes and dangers clustered round,
And when in bitterness he cried,
'Mid the dread garden's awful bound,
Yet knew they not how near him stood
The host of Heaven, a guardian train,
Deploring man's ingratitude,
And wondering at his Saviour's pain.

Oh! ye, whose hearts in secret bleed
O'er transient Hope, like morning dew,
O'er friendship faithless in your need,
Or love to all its vows untrue,
Who shrink from Persecution's rod
Or slander's fang, or Treachery's tone,
Look meekly to the Son of God,
And in his griefs forget your own.

Forsaken are ye?—so was he,—
Reviled?—yet check the vengeful word,—
Rejected?—should the servant be
Exalted o'er his suffering Lord?
Nor deem that Heaven's omniscient eye
Is e'er regardless of your lot,—
Deluded man from God may fly,
But *when was man by God forgot?*

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

SHE passeth hence,—a friend from loving friends,
A mother from her children. Time hath shed
No frost upon her, and the tree of life
Glows in the freshness of its summer prime.—
Yet still she passeth hence: Her work on earth
Soon done and well. Hers was the unwavering mind,
The untiring hand in duty. Firm of soul
And pure in purpose, on the eternal Rock
Of Christian trust her energies reposed,
And sought no tribute from a shadowy world.
Her early hope and homage clave to God,
When the bright skies, the untroubled founts of youth
With all their song-birds, all their flowers rose up
To tempt her spirit. So, in hours of pain
He did remember her, and on her brow
And in her breast the dove-like messenger
Found peaceful home.

Oh thou whom grieving love
Would blindly pinion in this vale of tears,
Farewell! It is a glorious flight for faith
To trace thy upward path, above this clime
Of change and storm. We will remember thee
At thy turf-bed,—and 'mid the twilight hour
Of solemn musing, when the buried friend
Comes back so visibly, and seems to fill
The vacant chair, our speech shall be of thee.

CHILD LEFT IN A STORM.

Adapted to a painting of Sully.

"The scene is the sea-shore,—a storm has suddenly come up,—the company are all running for shelter,—the little child is forgotten,—and as innocence knows no fear, continues to play with the waves, as they break over its feet."

WHY dost thou sport amid these swelling waves,
 Child of the frolic brow ? The billows roll
 Foaming and vexing with a maniac's wrath,
 To do unuttered deeds,—and the wild clouds
 Muster and frown, as if bold Midnight reared
 Her throne at noonday. Hearest thou not the winds
 Uttering their ruffian threats ? Is this a time
 To lave that snowy foot ? Away ! Away !
 —What ! have all fled ?—and art thou left alone
 By those who wandered with thee on the beach
 In the fair sun-light of a summer's morn ?
Forgotten thus ! Hadst thou a mother,—sweet ?
 Oh !—no—no—no. She had not turned away
 Though the strong tempest swelled to tenfold wrath,—
 She had not fled without thee, had not breathed
 In safety or at ease, save when she heard
 Thy murmured tone beside her,—had not slept
 Until thy drenched and drooping curls were dried
 In her fond bosom. *Nature never made*
A mother to forget. Why, she had dared
 Yon fiercest surge to save thee, or had plunged,
 Clasping thee close and closer, down, down, down,
 Where thou art going.

Lo, the breakers rush
 Bellowing to demand thee. Shrink not child !

Innocence need not fear. Go to thy sleep
'Mid Ocean's sunless flowers. The lullaby
Of the mermaiden shall be thy requiem,
And the white coral thou didst love to mix
Among thy penciled shells, shall lightly rear
A canopy above thee. Amber drops
Shall gem thy golden tresses, and thy ear
No more the echoes of the warring main
Appalled shall hear. Thy God shall guard thy rest.

THE PESTILENCE.

I HEAR it on the blast. There is a sound
Of heavy pinions on the midnight cloud,
A wailing riseth from the strong man's couch :
He with the busiest of the throng did mix
When morning shone, and now ere set of sun,
The gasp and death-cry warn thee where he lies.
—Death treadeth on the heels of buoyant health,
Leaving no interval for shrift or prayer.
The hearse doth meet us wheresoe'er we turn,
And pass unheeded, like a household thing.
The angel of Destruction walks his round,
At noon-day in the city, and the tomb
Doth gather riches till its treasure-vaults
O'erflow. Around their mournful board at eve,
The stricken and diminished circle draw,
Each on the other fixing that sad glance
Which asks, "*who next?*" While every heart responds,

"Lord is it I?" But 'mid the mournful homes
Where pallid fear and agony chastise
Each wonted joy,—say, are there none who read
In all earth's change the counsels of the skies ?
None, who close wrapped in panoply divine,
Show their faith's value in this hour of need ?
Up, ye who follow with unshrinking step
Him who o'ercame the grave,—up, trim your lamp,
And do his holy will. Amid the haunts
Of poverty and pain, with angel-step
Send forth your bounty. On the cherished field
Where God hath given you nurture, fix the eye,
As one who soon may leave it. Lurks there aught
Of tare or bramble, in your hallowed bower ?
Amid the vineyard of your dearest hopes,
Lurks there no root of bitterness ?—no seed
Of truth unsown, which you would fain have watched
Unto the harvest ? Are there olive-plants
Around your table, and do baleful weeds
Corrupt their root, or with their blossoms twine ?
Go to your work with diligence, as one
Whose time is short. Strike to the secret heart
A searching glance,—and if aught linger there,
Though shrouded cunningly,—one evil germ,—
Be firm in extirpation, and invoke
The aid of that pure spirit, who doth deign
To dwell in fleshly temples and prepare
Equal for life or death, the trusting soul.

GARAFILIA MOHALBY.

A beautiful Greek girl, adopted by a benevolent family in Boston, who fell a victim to a rapid consumption, at the age of thirteen.

SWEET bird of Ispara ! who fled
From tyrants o'er the tossing sea,
And on the winds of freedom shed
Thy wildly classic melody,
Love at thy tender warbling woke,
A foreign land was home to thee,
And stranger accents fondly spoke
The welcome of paternity.

Why was thy tarrying here so brief,
Thou sheltered in affection's breast ?
Here were no woes to wake thy grief,
No dangers to disturb thy rest :—
Ah ! thou hadst heard of that blest clime
Where everlasting glories beam,—
Perchance its pageantry sublime
Had burst upon thy raptured dream.

Thy bright wing spread. Should aught detain
The prisoner in a cage of clay,
When echoing from the heavenly plain
Congenial tones forbid delay ?
No.—Where no archer's shaft can fly,
No winter check the tuneful sphere,
Rise wanderer to thy native sky,
And warble in a Saviour's ear.

"The Son of Man, is Lord of the Sabbath."—Matthew xii, 8.

BEHOLD, the *day of rest*. The purple morn
 As if baptiz'd in purer light, doth spread
 Its banner forth. Toil wears a cheerful smile,
 And Piety, in silent prayer reclines,
 Pondering the page inspir'd.

There was a Seer
 Who 'neath Beersheba's groves, in ancient days
 Dwelt as a prince. Once, toward Moriah's mount,
 To do a strange and fearful sacrifice,
 He journey'd with his son. Just where its base
 Sprang steeply from the valley's breast, he paus'd,
 And to his servants spake,—"Abide ye here,
 While we ascend and worship." Thus our souls
 Would charge the busy cares that thro' the week
 Held them in bondage,—"Enter not the bound
 Of consecration; ye are of the earth,
 Here rest, till we return."

Thou! who didst rise
 O'er the seal'd sepulchre, the Roman guard
 Rigorous and vigilant, so grant us grace
 To rise, on this thy day. And when we come
 Down from the mount of blessing, to our paths
 Of daily care and duty, should we ask
 Imperative, our happiness from Earth,
 Send us that message which the angels spake
 To those who mournful search'd thy vacant tomb,
 "Not here, but risen."

So give us power to walk
 Even till another Sabbath, with a heart
 Full of sublime remembrances, a brow
 Bearing them brightly forth, like him who beam'd
 On Sinai's cliff, the language of the skies.

ON SEEING A LADY'S GOLD CHAIN, AMONG THE
 OFFERINGS AT A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Would that thou hadst a voice, thou graceful toy,
 To tell me of the giver. Fancy paints
 A young and radiant brow, and a clear eye
 Kindling with holier light, as thou wert thrown
 Off from the polish'd neck. Thou wert, perchance,
 Some favor'd gift, the talisman of Love,
 Or Friendship's bright memento. Still 'tis well,
 That thou art here. Henceforth that Love shall be
 Remember'd by the hallow'd deeds that bless
 And save mankind; nor could pure Friendship ask
 A truer token than the heaven-wrought links
 That bind the soul to virtue.

So go forth,
 Thou glittering gift, well barter'd for the wealth
 Of changeless memory. She who wore thee once,
 With the fond thrill of vanity, hath found
 A better ornament, than gold or pearls,
 Or rich array.

Blest stranger, still be true
 To mercy's angel-prompting. What thine hand
 Can do for other's good, do with the might

Of woman's tenderness. With flowery links
 Of soft persuasion, draw the erring soul
 Back from that beetling precipice, where foams
 The fiery flood of ruin. Toil to uproot
 Those weeds of Vice, that by the wayside spring,
 Or in the garden, 'mid its choicest flowers,
 Unblushingly intrude. Serenely show
 In thine own saintly life, the blessedness
 Of that meek mind, which Temperance and Peace
 Fair-handed sisters, guide in duty's path,
 And crown with beauty, that survives the tomb.

DEATH OF AN AGED MAN.

RISE, weary spirit, to a realm of rest !
 Sorrow hath had her will of thee, and Pain,
 With a destroyer's fury prob'd thy breast,
 But thou, the victory through Christ didst gain ;
 Rise, freed from stain.

Years wrote their history on thy furrow'd brow
 In withering lines ; and Time like ocean's foam
 Swept o'er the shores of hope, till thou didst know
 Earth's emptiness. But now no more to roam
 Pass to thy home.

Blest filial Love rescu'd its freshest wreath
 Of changeless green and blooming buds for thee,
 And o'er thy bosom threw its grateful breath,
 When the waste world, but weeds of misery
 Spread for thine eye.

Take up the triumph-song, thou who didst bow
So long and meekly, 'neath the Chastener's rod,
Thou, whose firm faith beheld with raptur'd glow
The resurrection cleave the burial-sod,
Go to thy God.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

WHEN with unclouded ray
Shines the bright Sun,
When summer streamlets play,
And all around is gay,
Then shall the spirit say,
“ Thy will be done !”

No.—When the flowers of love
Fade, one by one,
When in its blasted grove
The shuddering heart doth rove,
Then say, and look above
“ *Thy will be done.*”

DEATH OF WILBERFORCE.

I HEARD loud praise of heroes. But I saw
 The blood-stain on their tablet. Then I marked
 A torrent rushing from its mountain height,
 Bearing the upturn laurel, while its strength
 Among the arid sands of Vanity
 Did spend itself, and lo ! a warning voice
 Sighed o'er the Ocean of Eternity,
 "Behold the warrior's glory."

History came,
 Sublimely soaring on her wing of light,
 And many a name of palatine and peer,
 Monarch and prince on her proud scroll she bore,
 Blazoned by fame. But, 'mid the sea of time,
 Helmet, and coronet and diadem
 Rose boastful up, and shone, and disappeared,
 Like the white foam-crest on the tossing wave,
 Forgotten, while beheld.

I heard a knell
 Toll slow amid the consecrated aisles
 Where slumber England's dead. A solemn dirge
 Broke forth amid the tomb of kings, and said
 That man was dust. And then a nation's tears
 Fell down like rain, for it was meet to mourn.
 But from the land of palm-trees, where doth flow
 Sweet incense forth from grove, and gum, and flower,
 Came richer tribute, breathing o'er that tomb
 A prostrate nation's thanks.

Yes, Afric knelt,
 That mourning mother, and throughout the earth

Taught her unfettered children to repeat
The name of Wilberforce, and bless the spot
Made sacred by his ashes. Yea, the World
Arose upon her crumbling throne, to praise
The lofty mind that never knew to swerve
Though holy truth should summon it to meet
The frown of the embattled universe.
And so I bowed me down in this far nook
Of the far West, and proudly traced the name
Of Wilberforce upon my country's scroll,
To be her guide, as she unchained the slave,
And the bright model of her sons who seek
True glory. And from every village-haunt
And school, where rustic Science quaintly reigns,
I called the little ones, and forth they came
To hear of Afric's champion, and to bless
The firm in purpose and the full of days.

THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER.

I SAW a dark procession slowly wind
'Mid funeral shades, and a lone mourner stand
Fast by the yawning of the pit that whelm'd
His bosom's idol.

Then the sable scene
Faded away, and to his alter'd home
Sad Fancy follow'd him, and saw him fold
His one, lone babe, in agoniz'd embrace,
And kiss the brow of trusting innocence,

That in its blessed ignorance wail'd not
 A mother lost. Yet she who would have watch'd
 Each germ of intellect, each bud of truth,
 Each fair unfolding of the fruit of Heaven
 With thrilling joy, was like the marble cold.

—There were the flowers she planted, blooming fair,
 As if in mockery,—there the varied stores
 That in the beauty of their order charm'd
 At once the tasteful, and the studious hour,
 Pictures, and tinted shells, and treasur'd tomes,
 But the presiding mind, the cheerful voice,
 The greeting glance, the spirit-stirring smile,
 Are fled forever.

And he knoweth all !

Hath felt it all, deep in his tortur'd soul,
 Till reason and philosophy did faint,
 Beneath a grief like his. Whence hath he then
 The power to comfort others, and to speak
 Thus of the resurrection ?

He hath found

That hope, which is an anchor to the soul,
 And with a martyr-courage holds him up
 To bear the will of God.

Say, ye who tempt

The sea of life, by summer-gales impell'd
 Have ye this anchor ? Sure, a time will come
 For storms to try you, and strong blasts to rend
 Your painted sails, and shred your gold like chaff
 O'er the wild wave ; and *what a wreck is man*
If sorrow find him unsustain'd by God.

"I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face."—Isaiah.

WHERE'ER thine earthly lot is cast,
Whate'er its duties prove,
To toil 'neath Penury's piercing blast,
Or share the cell of love,
Or 'mid the pomp of wealth to live,
Or wield of power the rod,
Still as a faithful servant strive
To wait alone on God.

Should disappointment's blighting sway
Destroy of joy the bloom,
Till one by one, thy hopes decay
In darkness and the tomb,
Should Heaven its cheering smile withhold
From thy disastrous fate,
And foes arise like billows bold,
Still, on Jehovah wait.

When timid dawn her couch forsakes,
Or noon-day splendors glide
Or eve, her curtain'd pillow takes
While watchful stars preside,
Or midnight warns the hosts of care
Far from his ebon throne,
Unwearied in thy fervent prayer
Wait thou on God alone.

But should he still conceal his face
Till flesh and spirit fail,
And bid thee darkly run the race
Of Time's receding vale,

With what a doubly glorious ray
 His smile will light that sky
 Where ransom'd souls rejoicing lay
 Their robes of mourning by.

JUDGE TRUMBULL.

I SAW him in his reverie. Night had drawn
 Dense curtains o'er the slumbering, snow-rob'd earth,
 And a lone lamp its fitful lustre threw
 Upon his musing brow. 'Twas mark'd by age,
 And thought profound, perchance, with sadness ting'd,
 Yet from the piercing eye that beauty beam'd
 Which wrinkled Time respecteth.

This was he,
 Whose shaft of Wit had touch'd the epic strain
 With poignant power, the father of the harp,
 In his own native vales. He seem'd to muse
 As if those lov'd retreats did spread themselves
 Again before his eye. The sighing wind
 Through the long branches of those ancient trees
 Where first his boyhood lisp'd the lore of song,
 Doth lull his soul. Then brighter visions come,
 A sound of music rises. 'Tis thy voice
 Connecticut ! as when by vernal rains
 Surcharg'd, it swell'd in tuneful murmurs round
 The vine-clad mansion, where his children grew.
 But lo ! the clangor of yon mighty lakes
 Holding hoarse conflict with the winged storm
 Breaks up the melody. And is it so ?

That in the feebleness of four score years,
Thou, with unshrinking hand dost pitch thy tent
Near the rude billows of the Michigan,
And mark in that far land, young life start forth
In vigor and in beauty and in power,
Where erst the Indian and the panther dwelt,
Sole lords ? It was a bold emprise to change
The robe of science and of minstrelsy,
Worn from thy cradle onward, for the staff
Of the rough emigrant.

Again I look'd,
His lamp had faded, and the learned page
Was clos'd within his study. The blest book
Of God's great love to man, was open still :
Where was the eye that ponder'd it ? the heart
That priz'd it more than Greek or Roman lore ?
—There was a shroud, a pall, a tender sigh
Of Woman's grief, and 'neath the broken sods
Of that New World, the patriarch poet lies,
" And '*dust to dust*' concludes our noblest song."
—Master and friend ! until this feeble lyre
In silence moulders, till my heart forget
The thrill of gratitude, the love of song,
The praise of virtue, shall thine image dwell
Bright with the beauty of benignant age
In my soul's temple-shrine.

PRAYER.

"Peter, therefore, was kept in prison,—but prayer was made, with out ceasing, of the Church unto God for him."—Acts xii. 5.

He slept between two soldiers, bound with chains,
Waiting the hour, when wily Herod's hand
Should point his martyr-doom. *Yet still, he slept,*
Peaceful as the young babe. And lo ! a light
Gleam'd o'er the dungeon-darkness, and a voice
Not of this earth, poured forth the high command,
"Peter,—arise."

Then the investing chains
Melted from off his limbs, and he arose
And rob'd himself, and girt his sandals on,
And follow'd where the wondering messenger
Guided, with shining track. The iron gate,
That guarded portal of the City's wall,
As if it knew Heaven's high ambassador,
Turn'd on its massy hinge. So, on they past,
Free and unquestion'd, till the seraph's wing
Outspread, in parting flight. With snowy trace
Awhile it hover'd,—then, like radiant star
From its bright orbit loos'd, went soaring up,
High o'er the arch of night.

Then Peter knew
The Angel of the Lord,—for he had deem'd
Some blessed vision held his tranced sight,
In strange illusion.

With the voice of praise,
His joyous steps a well known threshhold sought,
The home of Mary. Midnight reign'd around,
And heavy sleep hung o'er Jerusalem.

Yet *here* they slumber'd not. A sigh arose
 Of ardent supplication, for the friend
 In durance and in chains. But can ye paint
 The astonish'd gaze, with which those tearful eyes
 Did fasten on his features, as he stood
 Sudden, amid the group ?

High Heaven had heard
 The prayer of faith. And heard it not the breath
 Of gratitude, from every trembling lip,
 Ascribing glory to the Lord of Hosts,
 Whose holy angel had his servant freed
 From the high-handed malice of the Jews,
 And from the wrath of Herod ?

Ye, who held
 The key of prayer, *that key which entereth Heaven*,
 How long will ye be doubtful ? and how long
 Seek from brief Earth, the help she cannot give,
 Choosing her broken cisterns ? *Say ! how long ?*

THE BROKEN VASE.

So, here thou art in ruins, brilliant Vase,
 Beneath my footsteps. 'Tis a pity, sure,
 That aught so beautiful, should find its fate,
 From careless fingers.

Fain would I divine
 Thy history. Who shap'd thy graceful form,
 And touch'd thy pure, transparent brow with tints

Of varied hue, and gave the enamel'd robe,
Deep-wrought with gold?

Thou wert a costly gift.

Perchance, a present to some fair young bride,
Who 'mid her wedding-treasures nicely pack'd
Thee in soft cotton that the jarring wheel
O'er the rough road careering, might not mar
Thy symmetry. Within her new abode,
She proudly plac'd thee, rich with breathing flowers,
And as the magic shell from ocean borne
Doth hoard the murmur of its coral-caves,
So thou didst tell her twilight reverie, tales
Of her far home, and seem to breathe the tones
Of her young, sporting sisters.

'Tis in vain!

No art may join these fragments, or cement
Their countless chasms.

And yet there's many a wreck
Of costlier things, for which the wealth of Earth
May yield no reparation.

He, who hangs
His all of happiness on beauty's smile,
And 'mid that dear illusion, treads on thorns,
And feels no wound, or climbs the rocky steep
Unconscious of fatigue, hath oft-times mark'd
A dying dolphin's brightness at his feet,
And found it but the bubble of his hope,
Disparting like the rainbow.

They who run
Ambition's race, and on their compeers tread
With fever'd eagerness to grasp the goal,

Oft see the envied prize, like waxen toy
Melt in the passion-struggle.

He, who toils
Till lonely midnight, o'er the waning lamp,
Twining the cobweb of poetic thought,
Or forging links from Learning's molten gold,
Till his brain dazzles, and his eye turns dim,
Then spreads his gatherings with a proud delight
To the cold bosom'd public, oft perceives
Each to his "farm and merchandise," return
Regardless of his wisdom, or perchance
Doth hear the hammer of harsh criticism,
Grinding his ore to powder, finer far
Than the light sand of Congo's yellow stream.
—Yea, 'mid earth's passing pilgrims, many a one
Of its new-gain'd possessions, fondly proud,
Doth like the Patriarch, find his seven years' toil
Paid with a poor deceit.

Crush'd Vase, farewell.
I thank thee for thy lesson. Thou hast warn'd
That the heart's treasures be not rashly risk'd
In earthen vessels, but in caskets stor'd,
Above the wrecking ministry of Time.

THE TOWER AT MONTEVIDEO.

Written after visiting the beautiful summer residence of DANIEL WADSWORTH, Esq., on Talcot mountain, near Hartford, Conn., which bears the name of Montevideo.

FULL many a year hath past away,
Thou rude, old Tower, so stern and grey,
Since first I came, enthusiast lone,
To worship at thy hermit throne.
—Tho' wintry 'blast, and sweeping rain
Have mark'd thee with their iron stain,
Yet freely springing at thy feet,
New beauties wreath their garland sweet
Young flowers the ancient wilds perfume,
In tangled dells, fresh roses bloom,
And foliage wraps with mantle deep,
The trap-rock ledges, harsh and steep.
—Still spreads the lake its mirror clear,
The forest-warblers charm the ear,
The glorious prospect opens wide
Its varied page in summer's pride,
And tasteful hands have deftly wove
Enchantment's spell o'er vale and grove.
Farewell old Tower ! thou still shalt be
Remember'd as a friend by me,
Who bring'st from time's recorded track
The buds of joy profusely back,
And sweetly from thy turrets hoar
The song of gratitude dost pour,
Nor spare around my path to fling,
Young Memory's brightest blossoming.

—When next we meet, perchance, the trace
Of age shall tint thy tottering base,
And I, with added plainness show
The wrinkled lines that cares bestow,
But Nature, still serene and fair,
No thread of silver in her hair,
No furrow'd mark on brow or cheek,
The same rich dialect shall speak,
With silent finger upward pointing,
And forehead pure with Heaven's anointing.
And smile more eloquent than speech,
The lessons of her Sire shall teach.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES TO A LITTLE GIRL.

I do bethink me of a feeble babe,
To whom the gift of life did seem a toil
It trembled to take up, and of the care
That tireless nurtur'd her by night and day,
When it would seem as if the fainting breath
Must leave her bosom, and her fair blue eye
Sank 'neath its lids, like some crushed violet.
—Six winters came, and now that self-same babe
Wins with her needle, the appointed length
Of her light task, and learns with patient zeal
The daily lesson, tracing on her map
All climes and regions of the peopled earth.
With tiny hand, she guides the writer's quill,
To grave those lines through which the soul doth speak,

And pours in timid tones, the hymn at eve.
 She from the pictur'd page, doth scan the tribes
 That revel in the air, or cleave the flood,
 Or roam the wild, delighting much to know
 Their various natures, and their habits all,
 From the huge elephant, to the small fly
 That liveth but a day, yet in that day
 Is happy, and outspreads a shining wing,
 Exulting in the mighty Maker's care.
 She weeps that man should barb the monarch-whale,
 In his wild ocean-home, and wound the dove,
 And snare the pigeon, hasting to its nest
 To feed its young, and hunt the flying deer,
 And find a pleasure in the pain he gives.
 She tells the sweetly modulated tale
 To her young brother, and devoutly cheers
 At early morning, seated on his knee
 Her hoary grandsire from the Book of God,
 Who meekly happy in his fourscore years,
 Mourns not the dimness gathering o'er his sight,
 But with a saintly kindness, bows him down
 To drink from her young lip, the lore he loves.

Fond, gentle child, who like a flower that hastens
 To burst its sheath, hath come so quickly forth,
 A sweet companion, walking by my side,—
 Thou, whom thy father loveth, and thy friends
 Delight to praise, lift thy young heart to God,—
 That whatsoe'er doth please him in thy life
 He may perfect, and by his Spirit's power
 Remove each germ of evil, that thy soul
 When this brief discipline of time is o'er
 May rise to praise him with an angel's song.

NATURE'S BEAUTY.

I LOOKED on Nature's beauty, and it came
Like a blest spirit to my inmost heart,
And darkness fled away. The fragrant breeze
Swept o'er me, as a tale of other times,
Lifting the curtain from the ancient cells
Of early memory. The young vine put forth
Her quivering tendrils, while the patron bough
Lured their light clasping with that lore which leaves
Do whisper to each other, when they lean
To drink the music of the summer-shower.

There was a sound of wings, and through the mesh
Of her green-latticed chamber, stole the bird
To cheer her callow young. The stream flowed on,
And on its lake-like breast, the bending trees
Did glass themselves with such serene repose,
That their still haunt seemed holy. The spent sun
Turned to his rest, and full his parting ray
To mountain-top, and spire, and verdant grove,
And burnished casement, and reposing nest,
Spake benediction. And the vesper-strain
Went breathing up from every plant and flower.
The rose did fold itself, as at the cry
From the high minaret, "*to prayer! to prayer!*"
The Moslem kneels; and the half-sleeping eye
Of the young violet, looked devoutly forth,
Like the meek shepherd from his cottage door,
When the clear horn doth warn the Alpine cliffs,
To praise the Lord. And then the queenly Moon

Came through Heaven's portal. High her vestal train
Did bear their brilliant cressets in their hands,
Trembling with pride and pleasure. Beauty lay,
Like a broad mantle, on each slumbering dell,
And to the domes that peered through woven shades,
Gave attic grace. But on one roof, the eye
Did gaze instinctively, singling it out
From all this flood of loveliness, as turns
The mariner to some fair isle of rest,
Calling it *home*. I love to see thee raise
Thy stainless forehead through the sheltering elm,
Sequestered mansion. Other forms than those
That I have reared, may in thy nursery play,
Yet ne'er will I forget thee. Stranger-tones
May wake the echoes of thine airy halls,
And other names than his, whose classic taste
Reared thy pure columns, and thy haunts adorned,
May claim thy mastership: for change doth write
With Protean pencil, on all things that man
Would call his own.

It is not meet that earth
Or aught of earthly heritage, assume
Heaven's feature of duration. Yet 'tis sweet,
On Nature's beauteous page, to read of God,
And I would bear the picture in my heart
Of these sweet woods and waters, summer-drest
And angel-voiced, until I lay me down
On the low pillow of my last repose.

DEATH OF DR. TODD, THE PRINCIPAL OF THE
RETREAT FOR THE INSANE, IN CONN.

Few have been mourned like thee. The wise and good
Do gather many weepers round their tomb,
And true Affection makes her heart an urn
For the departed idol, till that heart
Is ashes. With such sorrow art thou mourned,
And more than this. There is a cry of woe
Within the halls of yon majestic dome—
A tide of grief, which Reason may not check,
Nor Faith's deep anchor fathom.

Straining eyes

That gaze on vacancy, do search for thee,
Whose wand could put to flight the fancied ills
Of sick imagination. The wrecked heart
Keepeth the echo of thy soothing voice
An everlasting sigh within its cells,
And morbidly upon that music feeds.
Mind's broken column 'mid its ruins bears
Thy chiselled features. Thy dark eye looks forth
From Memory's watch-tower on the phrenzy dream,
Ruling its imagery, or with strange power
Controlling madness, as the shepherd's harp
Subdued the moody wrath of Israel's king.
Even where the links of thought and speech are broke,
'Mid that most absolute and perfect wreck,
When throneless Reason flies her idiot-foe,
Thou hast a place. The fragments of the soul
Do bear thine impress—shadowy, yet endeared,

And multiplied by countless miseries.
 Beside some happy hearth, where fire-side joys
 And renovated health, and heaven-born hope
 Swell high in contrast with the maniac's cell,
 Thou art remembered by some grateful heart,
 With the deep rapture of that lunatic,
 Whom Jesus healed.

But there's a wail for thee
 From throngs whom this uupitying world doth cast
 Out of her company, the scorned, the banned,
 The excommunicate. *Thou wert their friend*—
 Thy wasting midnight vigil was for them :
 The toil, the watching, and the stifled pang
 That stamped thee as a martyr, were for them.
 They could not thank thee, save with that strange shriek
 Which wounds the gentle ear. Yet thou didst walk
 In thy high ministry of love and power,
 As a magician 'mid their spectre-foes
 And burning visions. Thou didst mark sublime
 Death's angel sweeping o'er thy studious page,
 And, at his chill monition, laying down
 The boasted treasures of philosophy
 Didst clothe thyself in meekness, as a child
 Waiting the father's will.

And so farewell,
 Thou full of love to all whom God hath made,
 Thou tuned to melody, go home ! go home !
 Where music hath no dissonance, and Love
 Doth poise forever on her perfect wing.

LAFAYETTE.

There was a sound of war,
A spirit-stirring shock,
A new-born nation strove for life,
And a monarch came down with his bannered strife,
As the lion meets the flock.

A youthful hero crossed
The raging of the sea,
The blood of France was in his heart,
And it glowed as it took that infant's part,
Who struggled to be free.

Years sped their noiseless flight,
The warriors went to rest,
And the full-grown child with a giant's might,
Went forth in the strength of his lordly right,
And watched by ocean's billows bright,
For the coming of a guest.

And the shout of welcome sped
From the mountain to the main,
Fresh flowers of gratitude wreathed a crown,
And the veteran's tear with the babe's fell down,
Like a gush of summer rain.

The idol-hero came,
Not with his sword of might,
The silver-hairs on his brow were strown,
And the eye was sunk, that like lightning shone,
In the van of the stormy fight.

He had breathed the dungeon damps,
He had drank the draught of fame,
When the clime of his birth like a maniac rushed,
And the blood of kings from its fountain gushed,
He had stood at his post the same.

By Memory's chart he sought
For dell, and rock, and stream,
But a spell of magic had fallen around,
And cities arose where the forest frowned,
And the far, lone lake, with masts was crowned,
Like the change of a fairy dream.

The exulting pulse beat high,
In the heart of this western zone,
His home was the breast of the free and brave,
No sceptred king, with the world his slave,
E'er sate on such a throne.

But there came a solemn knell,
O'er the summer breeze it stole,
From town, and tower, and village bell
On our listening nation's ear it fell,
And woke the mourner's soul.

The hero slept in dust,
The mighty bore his pall,
The tears of love on his tomb were shed,
The glory of earth was around his head,
But from honor, and wealth, and bliss he fled
To the highest joy of all.

LAST HOURS OF THE HON. WILLIAM WIRT.

SEE, he communeth at the gate of heaven.
Call him not back.

Detain him not with tears,
Ye loving ones, who from your being's dawn,
Have in your reverence shrined him, next to God.

He drinks the cup alone, most tender wife,
He, who so long hath held no earthly draught
Of woe, or happiness, unshared by thee.

He drinks the cup alone. Thou may'st not drain
Its bitter dregs for him, nor fearless place
Thy soul in his soul's stead, as fain thou would'st
If 'twere thy Father's will.

Is this that form,
So late with manhood's majesty replete ?
Is this that lofty brow from whence looked forth
The ruling mind.

How, like the flower of grass,
Is all we call perfection ! How doth man
Fall from his glory, if one baleful breath
But stir his nerves, or check the refluent tide
That visits every vein, or sweep those cells
Unkindly, where his lucid thoughts are born !

“ *The door is opened.*” Hark, it is the last,
Last sound, from that pale lip. What scans the eye
That through the shroud of dim disease doth dart
Such brightening ray ?

Do hovering angels show
The untold riches of that realm, which needs

Nor sun nor moon to light it? Do they spread
 The tokens of redeeming love to cheer
 The heart that struggling with the wreathed bond
 Of earth's most dear and sacred charities,
 Doth find them rooted in its deepest core?
"The door is opened."

Enter in, thou blest
 And holy soul. 'Twere sin to bind thee here.
 The proudest flight of this clay-compassed thought,
 Boasting itself all limitless, dares not
 To follow thee, or shadow forth thy bliss.

Farewell! farewell! thou who did'st meekly draw
 Thy purest treasures from the Book of God,
 And wear them, as an amulet, to shield
 Thy breast from stain? Still shall thy country grave
 Thy name upon the Urim of her heart,
 Till her exulting pulses cease to beat
 O'er the true greatness of her gifted sons.

ON READING THE DESCRIPTION OF POMPEII, IN THE "REMAINS OF THE REV. E. D. GRIFFIN."

"In the garden of a villa was found the skeleton of a man, carrying keys in one hand and money and gold ornaments in the other. Before entering the gate of the city, you perceive the ruins of the guard-house, in which was found the skeleton of a soldier, with lance in hand."

Tour in Italy and Switzerland.

IT was the evening of the day of God,
 And silence reigned around. The waning lamp
 Gleamed heavily, and gathering o'er my heart
 There seemed a musing sadness.

Then thou cam'st,
Ethereal spirit ! on thy classic wing,
Bidding me follow thee.

And so I sought
The ruined cities of Italia's plain,
And with thee o'er Pompeii's ashes trod,
Courting the friendship of a buried world.

'Tis fearful to behold the tide of life
In all the tossings of its fervid strength
Thus petrified, and every painted bark
That spread its gay sail o'er the rippling surge
Sealed to its depths.

Thou haggard skeleton,
Clutching with bony hand thy hoarded gold,
What boots it thus those massy keys to guard
When life's frail key turns in its ward no more ?

Say ! hadst thou naught amidst yon wreck, more dear
Than that encumbering dross ? no priceless wealth
Of sweet affinity, no tender claim,
No eager turning of fond eyes to thine,
In that last hour of dread extremity ?

Lo ! yon grim soldier, faithful at his post,
Bold and unblenching, though a sea of fire
Closed o'er him, with its suffocating wave.
The reeking air grew hot, the blackened heavens
Shrank like a shriveled scroll, and mother earth,
Forgetful of her love, a traitress turned.
Yet still *he* fled not ; though each element
Swerved from the eternal law, he firmly stood,
A Roman Sentinel.

Thus may we stand
In duty's armor, at our hour of doom,

Though on the climax of our joy, stern Death
Should steal unlooked for, as the lightning flash
Rendeth the summer-cloud.

But now, adieu,
My sainted guide. The midnight hour doth warn
Me from thy cherished pages, though methinks
The beauty of thy presence and thy voice,
Whose tones, melodious, charmed a listening throng,
Still linger near. It is not meet for us
To call thee brother, we who dwell in clay,
And find the impress of the earth so strong
Upon our purest gold.

Spirit of bliss !
Who twin'st thyself around the living heart
By holiest memories, my prayer this night
Shall be a hymn of gratitude for thee.

PARTING HYMN OF MISSIONARIES TO BURMAH.

NATIVE land ! in summer smiling,
Hill and valley, grove and stream,
Home ! whose nameless charms beguiling
Peaceful lull'd our infant dream,
Haunts ! through which our childhood hastened,
Where the earliest wild-flowers grew,
Church ! where God's free grace we tasted,
Gems of memory's wealth,—*adieu !*

Mother ! who hast watched our pillow
In thy tender, sleepless love,
Lo, we dare the crested billow,
Mother ! put thy trust above !
Father ! from thy guidance turning
O'er the deep our way we take,
Keep the prayerful incense burning
On thine altar, for our sake.

Brothers ! Sisters ! more than ever
Seem our clinging heart-strings twin'd,
As that hallow'd bond we sever
Which the hand of Nature join'd.
But the cry of pagan anguish
Thro' our inmost hearts doth sound,
Countless souls in misery languish,
We would haste to heal their wound.

Burmah ! we would soothe thy weeping,
Take us to thy sultry breast,
Where thy sainted dust is sleeping,
Let us share a kindred rest.
Friends ! our span of life is fleeting,
Hark ! the harps of angels swell,
Think of that eternal meeting,
Where no voice shall say farewell.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. SAMUEL GREEN
OF BOSTON.

Who weepeth, when the weary go to rest?

When the sick ceaseth from his bitter sighing?

Who mourneth at the burial of the just

With hopeless woe, the Comforter denying?

Not the disciple whom his Lord made free,

For whom he dar'd the grave, and won the victory.

Who count it evil, when affliction's dart

Hath had its perfect work?—when sorrow's rod

Leaves its sore smiting?—when the pure in heart

Go in their saintly righteousness to God?

Not they who walk with Wisdom's heavenly train,

And from the Book of Truth, believe that "Death is gain."

Yet there is weeping when a good man falls,

When a lov'd sire the cup of parting drinks,

When a true watchman faints on Zion's walls,

And 'mid his flock, a faithful shepherd sinks,—

When by the living waters, where he fed

The tender, trusting lambs, he slumbers with the dead.

For tears are pearls, by griev'd affection shed,

Drawn from her deep, deep sea, with shuddering pain,—

Yet Faith may string them on a silver thread,

And wear them, till an angel's wreath she gain,

And Piety hath in her bosom kept,

And on her forehead grav'd, their sanction "*Jesus wept.*"

"Peace I leave with you."—John xiv, 27.

"*Peace*" was the song the Angels sang,
When Jesus sought this vale of tears,
And sweet that heavenly prelude rang,
To calm the watchful shepherds' fears,—
" *War*" is the word that man hath spoke,
Convuls'd by passions dark and dread,
And Pride enforc'd a lawless yoke
Even while the Gospel's banner spread.

"*Peace*" was the prayer the Saviour breathed
When from our world his steps withdrew,
The gift he to his friends bequeathed
With Calvary and the Cross in view :—
Redeemer! with adoring love
Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
The watchword of the host above,
The passport to their realm of rest.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

We had a Rose,—its breast
Was bright with pearly dew,
Nor blight, nor time had stain'd the flower,
Yet it sank away from its cherish'd bower,
It faded where it grew.

We had a Harp,—'tis gone,
 We will not say 'tis broken,—
 No—no,—its tones are deep and high,
 Where music wraps in melody,
 Each thought by angels spoken.

APPEAL FOR FEMALE EDUCATION IN GREECE.

Why break'st thou thus, the tomb of ancient night,
 Thou blind old bard, majestic and alone ?
 Whose sightless eyes have fill'd the world with light,
 Such light as fades not with the set of sun,
 Light that the kindled soul doth feed upon,
 When with her harp she soars o'er mortal things,
 And from heaven's gate doth win some echoed tone,
 And fit it deftly to her raptur'd strings,
 And wake the sweet response, tho' earth with discord rings.

And lo ! the nurtur'd in the Theban bower,
 Impetuous Pindar, mad with tuneful ire,
 Whose hand abrupt could rule with peerless power
 The linked sweetness of the Doric lyre ;
 He too, whom History graves with pen of fire
 First on her chart,—the eloquent, the mild,
 Down at whose feet she sitteth as her sire,
 Listing his legends like a charmed child,
 Clear as the soul of truth, yet rob'd in fancy wild.

And thou, meek martyr to the hemlock draught,
 Whose fearless voice for truth and virtue strove,
 Whose stainless life, and death serene, have taught
 The Christian world to wonder and to love,—
 Come forth, with Plato, to thy hallow'd grove
 And bring that golden chain by Time unriven,
 Which round this pendent universe ye wove,
 For still our homage to your lore is given,
 And your pure wisdom priz'd, next to the page of Heaven.

Still gathering round, high shades of glorious birth
 Do throng the scene. Hath aught disturb'd their rest?
 Why brings Philosophy her idols forth
 With pensive brow, in solemn silence drest?
 And see he comes, who o'er the sophist's crest
 Did pour the simple element of light,
 Reduce the complex thought to reason's test,
 And stand severe in intellectual might,—
 Undazzled, undeceiv'd, the peerless Stagyrite.

Those demi-gods of Greece! How sad they rove
 Where temple-crown'd, the Acropolis aspires,
 Or green Hymelus rears her honied grove,
 Or glows the Parthenon 'neath sunset fires,
 Or where the olive, ere its prime, expires
 By Moslem hatred scath'd. Methinks they seem
 Westward to gaze, with unreveal'd desires,
 Whether they roam by pure Ilyssus' stream,
 Or haunt with troubled step the shades of Academe.

Seek ye the West?—that land of noteless birth,
 That when proud Athens rul'd with regal sway
 All climes and kindreds of the awe-struck earth,
 Still in its cold, mysterious cradle lay,

Till the world-finder rent the veil away,
 And caught the giant-foundling's savage tone,
Turn ye to us, young emmets of a day,
 Who flit admiring round your ancient throne?
 Seek ye a boon of us,—the nameless, the unknown?

We, who have blest you with our lisping tongue,
 And to your baptism bow'd when life was new,
 And when upon our mother's breast we hung
 Your flowing nectar with our life-stream drew,
 Who dipp'd our young feet in Castalian dew,
 And pois'd with tiny arm that lance and shield,
 Before whose might the boastful Persian flew,
 We, who Ulysses trac'd o'er flood and field,
 What can ye ask of us, we would not joy to yield?

Ye ask no warrior's aid,—the Turk hath fled,
 And on your throne Bavaria's prince reclines,—
 No gold or gems, their dazzling light to shed,
 Pearl from the sea, nor diamond from the mines,—
 Ye ask that ray from Learning's lamp which shines,
 To guide your sons, so long in error blind,
 The cry speeds forth from yon embowering vines,—
 “Give bread and water to the famish'd mind,
 And from its durance dark the imprison'd soul unbind.”

Behold the Apostle of the Cross sublime,
 The warn'd of Heaven, the eloquent, the bold,
 Who spake to Athens in her hour of prime,
 Braving the thunders of Olympus old,
 And spreading forth the Gospel's snowy fold,
 Where heathen altars pour'd a crimson tide,
 And stern tribunals their decrees unroll'd,

How would his zeal rebuke our ingrate pride,
If ye should sue to us and coldly be denied.

Explores your eagle-glance that weaker band
Who bear the burdens of domestic care ?
Who guide the distaff with a patient hand,
And trim the evening hearth with cheerful air ?
Point ye the Attic maid, the matron fair,
The blooming child devoid of letter'd skill ?
What would ye ask ? Wild winds the answer bear,
In blended echoes from the Aonian hill,
"Give them the book of God!" *Immortal shades!—we will.*

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

AN ax rang sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty.—There, with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold Emigrant, and by his side
His little son, with question and response,
Beguil'd the toil.

“ Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark, when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river, on whose breast we sail'd
So many days, on toward the setting sun ?
Our own Connecticut, compar'd to that,
Was but a creeping stream.”

“ Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd

My tiny boat, with my young playmates round
 When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,
 Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
 They are as strangers. And those little trees
 My mother nurtur'd in the garden bound,
 Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
 Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer sure
 Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."
 —"What, ho!—my little girl," and with light step
 A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
 And setting down the basket that contain'd
 His noon-repast, look'd upward to his face
 With sweet, confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see,
 That bright-wing'd paresquet, and hear the song
 Of yon gay red-bird, echoing thro' the trees,
 Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear
 In far New-England, such a mellow tone?"
 —"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
 Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
 Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
 My snow-drops. I was always laughing then
 In that first home. I should be happier now
 Methinks, if I could find among these dells
 The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,
 And round the rude hut of the Emigrant
 The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
 Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
 And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long
 To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
 Dashing against their shores.

Starting he spake,—

“ Wife ! did I see thee brush away a tear ?
 ’Twas even so. Thy heart was with the halls
 Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
 Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
 Befit thee better than these rugged walls
 Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home.”

“ No—no. All was so still around, methought
 Upon mine ear that echoed hymn did steal,
 Which ’mid the Church where erst we paid our vows,
 So tuneful peal’d. But tenderly thy voice
 Dissolv’d the illusion.”

And the gentle smile
 Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth’d
 Her waking infant, reassur’d his soul
 That wheresoe’er our best affections dwell,
 And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
 Content, and placid, to his rest he sank,
 But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
 Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
 Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart
 Of his own native city,—roof and spire,
 All glittering bright, in fancy’s frost-work ray.
 The steed his boyhood nurtur’d proudly neigh’d,
 The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,
 With shrill and joyous bark,—familiar doors
 Flew open,—greeting hands with his were link’d
 In friendship’s grasp,—he heard the keen debate
 From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
 Doth blend and brighten,—and till morning rov’d
 ’Mid the lov’d scenery of his native land.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds,—*to die, to die.*
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compell'd,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
—To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.
—If I have ever caus'd thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
And scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail,—
Forgive!—Forgive!—thy task doth cease,
Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace.
—That thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or trifling stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,—
I blame thee not, the strife is done,
I know thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrain'd to hold the breath of God.
—Well hast thou in my service wrought,
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought,
To wear my smile thy lip hath glow'd,
Thy tear to speak my sorrows flowed,
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies,

Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon mine errands run,—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well,
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell.
—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
Thy wearied eye.

Oh quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
And long thy gasp and groan of pain
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
Tho' angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no more.
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy pain,
Remember,—we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope, the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signet-ring,
When the dire worm shall pierce thy breast,
And nought but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall, and skies grow dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,
And I, with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky,—
“No more to part, no more to die,
Co-heir of Immortality.”

THE GARDEN.

"Gardens have been the scenes of the three most stupendous events that have occurred on earth:—the temptation and fall of man—the agony of the Son of God—and his resurrection from the grave."

Notes of the American Editor of "Kebb's Christian Year."

Is't not a holy place, thy Garden's bound,
 Peopled with plants and every living leaf
 Instinct with thought, to stir the musing mind?
 —Where was it that our Mother wandering went,
 When 'mid her nursing vines and flowers, she met
 The gliding serpent, in his green and gold,
 And rashly listen'd to his glozing tongue,
 Till loss of Eden and the wrath of God
 Did fade from her remembrance? Was it not
 A garden, where this deed of rashness check'd
 The stainless blossom of a world unborn?
 —Still, tread with trembling. Hast thou nought to fear?
 No tempter in thy path, with power to sow
 Thy Paradise with thorns, if God permit?
 So, hold thy way amid the sweets of earth
 With cautious step, and have thy trust above?
 —Is't not a holy place, thy Garden's bound,
 When at the cool close of the summer's day
 Thou lingerest there, indulging sweet discourse
 With lips belov'd? Then speak of him who bare
 Upon his tortur'd brow, strange dews of blood
 For man's redemption.

Bring the thrilling scene
 Home to thine inmost soul:—the sufferer's cry,
 "Father! if it be possible, this cup
 Take thou away.—*Yet not my will but thine:*"

The sleeping friends who could not watch one hour,
 The torch, the flashing sword, the traitor's kiss,
 The astonish'd angel with the tear of Heaven
 Upon his cheek, still striving to assuage
 Those fearful pangs that bow'd the Son of God
 Like a bruis'd reed. Thou who hast power to look
 Thus at Gethsemane, *be still! be still!*
 What are thine insect-woes compar'd to his
 Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
 As the dust-atom on life's chariot wheels,
 And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.
 —Is't not a holy place, thy Garden's bound?
 "Look to the Sepulchre!" said they of Rome,
 "And set a seal upon it." So, the guard
 Who knew that sleep was death, stood with fix'd eye
 Watching the garden-tomb, which proudly hid
 The body of the crucified.

Whose steps

'Mid the ill-stifled sob of woman's grief
 Prevent the dawn? Yet have they come too late,
 For *He* is risen,—*He* hath burst the tomb,
 Whom 'twas not possible for Death to hold.
 Yea, his pierc'd hand did cleave the heavens, to share
 That resurrection, which the "slow of heart"
 Shrunk to believe.

Fain would I, on this spot,
 So holy, ponder, till the skies grow dark,
 And sombre evening spreads her deepest pall.
 —Come to my heart, thou Wisdom that dost grow
 In the chill coffin of the shrouded dead,
 Come to my heart. For silver hairs may spring
 Thick o'er the temples, yet the soul fall short

Even of that simple rudiment, which dwells
 With babes in Christ. I would be taught of thee,
 Severe Instructor, who dost make thy page
 Of pulseless breasts and unimpassion'd brows,
 And lips that yield no sound. Thou who dost wake
 Man for that lesson, which he reads but once,
 And mak'st thy record of the sullen mounds
 That mar the church-yard's smoothness, let me glean
 Wisdom among the tombs, for I would learn
 Thy deep, unflattering lore. What have I said?
 No! not of thee, but of the hand that pluck'd
 The sceptre from thee.

Thou, who once didst taste
 Of all man's sorrows, save the guilt of sin,—
 Divine Redeemer! teach us so to walk
 In these our earthly gardens, as to gain
 Footing at last, amid the trees of God,
 Which by the Eternal River from His Throne
 Nourish'd, shall never fade.

DREAMS.

"Knowest thou what thou art, in the hour of sleep? Who is the
 illuminator of the soul? Who hath seen, who knoweth him?
Taliessin.

REVERE thyself! for thou art wonderful
 Even in thy passiveness. Hail, heir of Heaven!
 Immortal mind! that when the body sleeps
 Doth roam with unseal'd eye, on tireless wing,
 Where Memory hath no chart, and Reason finds

No pole-star for her compass. Guest divine!
 Our earthly nature bows itself to thee,
 Putting its ear of clay unto the sigh
 Of thy disturbed visions, if perchance
 It win some whisper of thy glorious birth,
 And deathless heritage.

Oh, dreams are dear
 To those whom waking life hath surfeited
 With dull monotony. 'Tis sweet when Day
 Hath been a weariness, and Evening's hand
 Like some lean miser, greedily doth clutch
 The flowers that Morning brought us, to lie down,
 And breathe a fragrance that they never knew,
 Pressing our fingers to the thornless Rose,
 That springs where'er we tread.

'Tis very sweet
 To 'scape from stern Reality, who sits
 Like some starch beldame, all precise and old,
 And sheer intolerant, and on the wing
 Of radiant Fancy, soar unblam'd and wild,
 And limitless. When niggard Fortune makes
 Our pillow stony, like the patriarch's bed
 Who slept at Bethel, gentle dreams do plant
 An airy ladder for the angels' feet,
 Changing our hard couch for the gate of Heaven.
 They feed us on ambrosia, till we loath
 Our household bread.

To traverse all untir'd
 Broad realms, more bright than fabled Araby,
 To hear unearthly music, to plunge deep
 In seas of bliss, to make the tyrant-grave
 Unlock its treasure-valve, and yield the forms

Whose loss we wept, back to our glad embrace,
 To wear the tomb's white drapery, yet to live,
 And hold unshrinking pastime with the dead,
 To catch clear glimpses of fair streets of gold,
 And harpers harping on the eternal hills,
 These are the gifts of dreams, and we would speak
 Most reverently of their high ministry.

—See, life is but a dream. Awake ! Awake !
 Break off the trance of vanity, and look
 With keen, undazzled eye, above the cloud
 That canopies man's hopes. Yea ! hear the voice
 Of Deity, that 'mid his hour of sleep,
 In the still baptism of his dewy dreams,
 Doth bear such witness of the undying soul
 As breath'd o'er Jordan's wave, "*Behold my Son !*"

THE GRAVE OF THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

"In the garden of Charlottenburgh, I came suddenly among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, a spot sacred to silence, or to the soft-breathed song, but the cypress and willow declared it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble, lay a sheet, and the outline of a human form, was plainly visible beneath its folds. It was reverently turned back, and displayed the statue of the Queen of Prussia. It is said to be a perfect resemblance,—not as in death,—but when she lived, to bless and to be blessed. She seems scarcely to sleep; the mind and heart are on her sweet lips. Here the king often comes and passes long hours alone; here too, he brings her children, to offer garlands at her grave."—*Notes during a Ramble in Germany.*

Who slumbereth 'neath yon Doric fane,
 Within that garden's shade ?
 Her brow upon its pillow white
 In careless languor laid ?

While fragrant summer's laden gale
And fall of murmuring stream,
With Nature's holiest hush, conspire
To lull the lingering dream.

But wherefore, do those clasping hands
Repose so still and meek ?
Nor breath disturb the tress that lies
Thus lightly on her cheek ?
And wherefore, on those parted lips
Doth that rich music sleep
Which mov'd Affection's bounding pulse
To rapture strong and deep ?

Ah !—lift not thus the drapery's fold !
I see what death has wrought,
Who proudly to his bridal-couch
This royal victim brought ;
Yet spar'd her tender form to rend
From this embowering shade,
And where she most had joy'd to roam,
Her last long mansion made.

And here, the Father of his realm
With lonely step doth steal,
And take that sorrow to his heart,
Which lowliest mourners feel,
Here too, his princely offspring bring
Affection's woven flowers,
And keep the mother's memory fresh,
Who charm'd their cradle-hours.

Farewell, thou beautiful and blest,
Whose sceptred hand did bind

Each clustering virtue round thy throne
 That glads the simple hind ;
 For sometimes hath a queenly crown
 Been as the Upas-tree,
 To the pure bosom's healthful plants,
It was not thus with thee.

Yet pangs were thine, that speechless woe
 Which patriot virtue feels,
 When o'er the country of its love,
 The oppressor's footstep steals,
 Yes, he whose eagle-pinion sought
 The subject world to shame,
 Did stoop to wound thy noble breast,
 And basely mar his fame.

But tearless from Helena's rock
 His tortur'd spirit fled,
 Hence, vengeful thoughts ! ye may not dwell
 So near the sacred dead :
 Rest, Prussia's Queen ! a nation's grief
 Flows forth in fountains free,
 A nation's love, thy couch doth guard,
 Sleep on, 'tis well with thee.

THE MUFFLED KNOCKER.

GRIEF ! Grief ! 'tis thy symbol, so mute and drear,
 Yet it hath a tale for the listening ear,
 Of the nurse's care, and the curtain'd bed,
 And the baffled healer's cautious tread,

And the midnight lamp, with its flickering light,
Half screen'd from the restless sufferer's sight,
Yes, many a sable scene of woe,
Doth that muffled knocker's tablet show.

Pain ! Pain ! art thou wrestling here with man ;
For the broken gold of his wasted span,
Art thou straining thy rack on his tortur'd nerve,
Till his firmest hopes from their anchor swerve ?
Till burning tears from his eyeballs flow,
And his manhood faints in a shriek of woe ?
Methinks, thy scorpion-sting I trace,
Through the mist of that sullen knocker's face.

Death ! Death ! do I see thee with weapon dread ?
Art thou laying thy hand on yon cradle-bed ?
The Mother is there, with her sleepless eye,
To dispute each step of thy victory,
She doth fold the child in her soul's embrace,
Her prayer is to die in her idol's place,
She hath bared her breast to thine arrow's sway,
But thou wilt not be brib'd from that babe away.

Earth ! Earth ! thou hast stamp'd on thy scroll of bliss,
The faithless seal of a traitor's kiss,
Where the bridal lamp shone clear and bright,
And the foot thro' the maze of the dance was light,
Thou biddest the black-rob'd weeper kneel,
And the heavy hearse roll its lumbering wheel ;
And still to the heart that will heed its lore,
Doth Wisdom speak, from the muffled door.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTHERLESS.

"The little boy turned for the last time, his mild, tender glance on those around, and seemed to say, 'Father, she calls! I go. I go. Farewell.'"

"Who calls thee? who? my darling boy,
What voice is in thine ear?"
He answer'd not, but murmur'd on,
In words that none might hear;
And still prolonged the whispering tone,
As if in fond reply
To some dear object of delight
That fixed his dying eye.

And then, with that confiding smile,
First by his mother taught
When freely on her breast he laid
His troubled infant thought,
And meekly as a placid flower
O'er which the dew-drops weep,
He bow'd him on his painful bed,
And slept the unbroken sleep.

But if in yon immortal clime,
Where flows no parting tear,
That root of earthly love may grow,
Which struck so deeply here,
With what a tide of boundless bliss,
A thrill of rapture wild,
An angel mother in the skies,
Will greet her cherub child.

THE DEPARTURE OF MISS HANNAH MORE, FROM
BARLEY WOOD, APRIL 18, 1828, AT THE AGE
OF EIGHTY-THREE.

It was a lovely scene,
That cottage 'mid the trees,
And peerless England's shaven green,
Peep'd, their interstices between,
While in each sweet recess, and grotto wild,
Nature conversed with Art, or on her labors smil'd.

It seem'd a parting hour,
And she whose hand had made
That spot so beautiful with woven shade
And aromatic shrub and flower,
Turns her from those haunts away,
Tho' spring relumes each charm and fondly woos her stay.

Yon mansion teems with legends for the heart :
There her lov'd sisters circled round her side,
To share in all her toils a part,
There too, with gentle sigh
Each laid her down to die :
Yet still, methinks, their beckoning phantoms glide,
Twining with tenderest ties
Of hoarded memories,
Green bower and quiet walk and vine-wreath'd spot :
Hark ! where the cypress waves
Above their peaceful graves,
Seems not some echo on the gale to rise ?
" Oh, sister, leave us not ! "

Her lingering footstep stays
 Upon that threshold stone,
 And o'er the pictur'd wall, her farewell gaze
 Rests on the portraits one by one,
 Of treasur'd friends, before her gone,
 To that bright world of bliss, where partings are unknown.

The wintry snows
 That fourscore years disclose,
 When slow to life's last verge, Time's lonely chariot goes,
 Are on her temples and her features meek
 Subdued and silent sorrow speak,
 Yet still her arm in cheerful trust doth lean
 On faithful friendship's prop,—that changeless evergreen.

Like Eve, from Paradise, she goes,
 Yet not by guilt involv'd in woes,
 Nor driven by angel bands,
 The flaming sword is planted at her gate,
 By menial hands :
 Yes, those who at her table freely fed,
 Despise the giver of their daily bread,
 And from ingratitude and hate
 The wounded patron fled.

Think not the pang was slight,
 That thus within her uncomplaining breast
 She cover'd from the light :
 Though Knowledge o'er her mind had pour'd,
 The full, imperishable hoard,
 Tho' Virtue, such as dwells among the blest,
 Came nightly, on Reflection's wing to sooth her soul to rest,

Tho' Fame to farthest earth her name had borne,
 These brought no shield against the envious thorn ;
 Deem not the envenom'd dart
 Invulnerable found her thrilling woman's heart.

Man's home is every where. On Ocean's flood,
 Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether
 Doth link in stormy brotherhood
 Earth's utmost zones together,
 Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees wave,
 Where the rich diamond ripens, 'mid the flame
 Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,
 He, with bronz'd cheek and daring step doth rove ;
 He with short pang and slight
 Doth turn him from the chequer'd light
 Of the fair moon thro' his own forests dancing,
 Where music, joy and love
 Were his young hours entrancing ;
 And where Ambition's thunder-claim
 Points out his lot,
 Or fitful Wealth allures to roam,
 There, doth he make his home,
 And still repineth not.

It is not thus with Woman. The far halls
 Though ruinous and lone,
 Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-mother's tone,
 The humble walls
 Of that small garden where her childhood sported free,
 Affection, with unfading tint recalls,
 And every flower hath in its cup a bee,
 Making fresh honey of remember'd things,
 The flowers without a thorn, the bees bereft of stings.

The home, where erst with buoyant tread
 She met the lov'd, the lost, the dead,
 The household voices blended still
 With the story-telling rill,
 The valley, where with playmates true
 She cull'd the strawberry wet with dew,
 The bower where Love her youthful footsteps led,
 The sacred hearth-stone where her children grew,
 The soil where she hath cast
 The flower-seeds of her hope and seen them bide the blast,
 These are her soul's deep friends,
 O'er whom in lone idolatry she bends,
 And at the parting sound
 The heart's adhesive tendril shrinking sends
 As from some shuddering wound
 Fresh drops of blood, that gushing stir
 Unutter'd pangs, and ask an Angel-comforter.

THE JEWS.

ZION, thy symbols fade,
 Cast thy dim types away,
 Come forth from ancient Error's shade,
 And hail Messiah's day.

Why haunt with shuddering dread
 Red Sinai's penal flame ?
 When Calvary lifts a peaceful head,
 And breathes an angel's claim.

The Prophets are thy care,
 The Law is at thy breast,
 The Gospel take with grateful prayer,
 And Christ shall give thee rest.

No more his love withstand,
 No more his spirit grieve,
 Thrust in his wounded side thy hand,
 And tremble and believe.

20

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Up, at the Gospel's glorious call !
 Country and kindred what are they ?
 Rend from thy heart, these charmers, *all*,
 Christ needs thy service, hence away.

Tho' free the parting tear may rise,
 Tho' high may roll the boisterous wave,
 Go, find thy home 'neath foreign skies,
 And shroud thee in a stranger's grave.

Perchance, the Hindoo's languid child,
 The infant at the Burman's knee,
 The shiverer in the artic wild,
 Shall bless the Eternal Sire for thee.

And what hath Earth compar'd to this ?
 Knows she of wealth or joy like thine ?
 The ransom'd heathens' heavenly bliss,
 The plaudit of the Judge divine !

SEAMEN.

THEY roam where danger dwells,
 Where blasts impetuous sweep,
 Where sleep the dead in watery cells
 Beneath the faithless deep,
 Where tempests threaten loud
 To whelm the shipwreck'd form ;
 Show them a sky that hath no cloud,
 A port above the storm.

Beyond the Sabbath-bell,
 Beyond the house of prayer,
 Where deafening surges madly swell
 Their trackless course they dare ;
 Give them the Book Divine,
 That full and perfect chart,
 That beacon 'mid the foaming brine,
 That pilot of the heart.

Where guilt with aspect bold,
 And fierce temptations reign,
 Their wild and unwarn'd course they hold,
 Amid a heathen train,
 Give them the Gospel's power,
 Like pole-star o'er the sea,
 That when life's fleeting voyage is o'er
 Heaven may their haven be.

CRY OF THE CORANNAS.

"Missionaries are going far beyond us,—but they come not to us. We have been promised a Missionary, but can get none. God has given us plenty of corn, but we are perishing for want of instruction. Our people are dying every day. We have heard there is another life after death, but we know nothing of it."

We see our infants fade. The mother clasps
 The enfeebled form, and watches night and day
 Its speechless agony, with tears and cries,
 But there's a hand more strong than her despair
 That rends it from her bosom. Our young men
 Are bold and full of strength, but something comes
 We know not what, and so they droop and die.
 Those whom we lov'd so much, our gentler friends,
 Who bless our homes, *we gaze and they are gone.*
 Our mighty chiefs, who in the battle's rage
 Tower'd up like Gods, so fearless, and return'd
 So loftily, behold! they pine away
 Like a pale girl, and so, we lay them down
 With the forgotten throng who dwell in dust.
 They call it death, and we have faintly heard
 By a far echo o'er the distant sea
 There was a life beyond it. *Is it so?*
 If there be aught above this mouldering mound
 Where we do leave our friends,—if there be hope
 So passing strange, that they should rise again
 And we should see them, we who mourn them now,
 We pray you speak such glorious tidings forth
 In our benighted clime. Ye heaven-spread sails
 Pass us not by! Men of the living God!
 Upon our mountain heights we stand and shout

To you in our distress. Fain would we hear
 Your wondrous message fully, that our hearts
 May hail its certainty before we go,
 Ourselves to those dark caverns of the dead,
 Where everlasting silence seems to reign.

ANACHARSIS, THE PHILOSOPHER.

FROM Scythia's wilds, the Sage to Athens came,
 In search of wisdom, not allur'd by fame,
 But there, his uncouth mien provok'd the proud,
 And mov'd the laughter of a thoughtless crowd,
 Who saw not through a veil so coarsely wove,
 An upright soul, that heaven itself might love.
 —“Think ye I draw no glory from my birth,
 My simple manners, and my native earth ?
 Yet say what honor can your country claim,
 From sons unworthy of her ancient name ?
 Say, which is best, to shine with borrow'd rays,
 Or rear that column which the world shall praise.”
 —A scroll from Lydia's king,—“Come, nobly wise !
 Thou whom the triflers of the age despise,
 Come ! view my riches and my royal train,
 Nor count the labor of thy journey vain ;
 Not now I boast my gifts, but thou shalt find
 The monarch Crœsus of no niggard mind ;
 Come, Scythian sage ! and be content to bring
 Unportion'd wisdom, to a judging king.”
 —Then spake the man, who scorn'd the charms of gold,
 With soul indignant and in language bold,

—“Think’st thou I wander’d from my Scythian home
For glittering dust, or polish’d stones to roam?
I sought the gem of wisdom where it shines,
With gather’d brightness in the Grecian mines.
Happy, might I such sacred prize attain,
And reach in peace my lowly roof again,
And yet preserve in purity refin’d
The chrystal treasure of a virtuous mind.”

HARVEST HYMN.

THIS is the season, God of Grace,
When man’s full heart doth turn to Thee,
For now his eye can clearest trace
Thy hand on vale and field and tree.

With hope he casts to earth the grain,
When spring awakes the snow-drop cold,
With joy beholds bright Summer’s rain
And genial sun the germ unfold;

Yet fear will oft his breast pervade
Even while he views the fertile soil
Lest storms destroy the tender blade
And crush the promise of his toil:

But when blest Autumn’s care displays
His garners with their stores replete,
Then hope is lost in strains of praise,
And fear in gratulations sweet.

Oh, may we ne'er by Famine dread
 Be taught these annual gifts to prize,
 But be to grateful duty led
 By all the bounty of the skies.

“THE DEAD PRAISE NOT THE LORD.”

David.

DEEP dwellers in those cells profound
 Where dreamless slumbers reign,
 No lingering sigh, nor grateful sound
 Bursts from your dear domain.

But ye, upon whose unseal'd eye
 Creation's glory breaks,
 When Morning opes the purple sky,
 Or Eve her sceptre takes,

Ye to whose ear a thrilling strain
 Of harmony doth rise,
 From warbling grove and wind-swept main
 While Echo's voice replies,

Whose buoyant footsteps wander o'er
 Gay Summer's blooming fields,
 Whose free hands pluck the golden store
 That lavish Autumn yields,

Oh ! praise the Author of your breath,
 The Giver of your joy,
 Until the icy hand of death
 Time's fragile harp destroy—

Till rising where immortal lyres
 Shall to your hand be given,
 Ye find that ye on earth have learn'd
 The melody of Heaven.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS TO GREENLAND.

Why steers yon bold adventurous prow
 On toward the arctick zone,
 Defying blasts that rudely seal
 To Ocean's breast like stone ?
 Why dare her crew those fearful seas
 Where icy mountains dash,
 And make the proudest ship a wreck
 With one tremendous crash ?

They come, who seek the spirit's gold,
 They dare yon dreary sphere,
 And winter startles on his throne,
 Their strain of praise to hear :
They come, Salvation's lamp to light
 Where frost and darkness reign,
 And with a deathless joy to cheer
 The sons of want and pain.

And lo ! the chapel rears its head
 Beneath those stranger-skies,
 And to the sweet-ton'd Sabbath-bell
 The thick-ribb'd ice replies,

The unletter'd Esquimaux doth pluck
The victory from the tomb,
And grateful seek that glorious clime
Where flowers forever bloom.

When the last tinge of green departs,
The last bird takes its flight,
And the far sun no beam bestows
On that long polar night,
When in her subterranean cell
To shun the tempest's ire,
Life shrinking guards her pallid flame
That feebly lifts its spire,

The teachers of a love divine,
That firm, devoted band,
With no weak sigh of fond regret
Recall their father-land,
The unchanging smile that lights their brow,
While storms of Winter roar,
Doth better prove their heaven-born Faith
Than Learning's loftiest lore.

FUNERAL AT SEA.

"Yesterday, a child died in the ship. To-day, I read the English burial-service,—and committed its body to the mighty deep, until the day when the grave and sea shall give up their dead. The mother lay in tears in her berth,—the father could scarce repress his anguish, and I felt the agony of their grief, as I pronounced the solemn words, that accompanied the body to the pathless deep."

Journal of the late Rev. Henry B. McLellan.

THE deep sea took the dead. It was a babe
 Like sculptur'd marble, pure and beautiful
 That lonely to its yawning gulphs went down.
 —Poor cradled nursling,—no fond arm was there
 To wrap thee in its folds ; no lullaby
 Came from the green sea-monster, as he laid
 His shapeless head thy polished brow beside,
 One moment wondering at the beauteous spoil
 On which he fed. Old Ocean heeded not
 This added unit to his myriad dead.
 But in the bosom of the tossing ship
 Rose up a burst of anguish, wild and loud,
 From the vex'd fountain of a mother's love.
 —The lost ! The lost ! Oft shall her startled dream,
 Catch the drear echo of the sullen plunge
 That whelm'd the uncoffin'd body,—oft her eye
 Strain wide through midnight's long unslumbering watch,
 Remembering how his soft sweet breathing seem'd
 Like measur'd music in a lilly's cup,
 And how his tiny shout of rapture swelled,
 When closer to her bosom's core, she drew
 His eager lip.

Who thus, with folded arms,
 And head declin'd, doth seem to count the waves,

And yet to heed them not ? The sorrowing sire,
 Doth mark the last, faint ripple, where his child
 Sank down into the waters. Busy thought
 Turns to his far home, and those little ones,
 Whom sporting 'mid their favorite lawn he left,
 And troubled fancy shows the weeping there,
 When he shall seat them once more on his knee,
 And tell them how the baby that they lov'd,
 Hid its pale cheek within its mother's breast,
 And pin'd away and died,—yet found no grave
 Beneath the church-yard turf, where they might plant
 The lowly mound with flowers.

What lifts the heart

Up from its bitter sadness ? Hark ! *His* voice
 That o'er the thundering wave, doth pour sublime
 Such words, as arch the darkest storm of life
 With faith's perennial bow.

Thou, who dost speak
 Of His eternal majesty, who bids
 Both earth and sea to render up their dead,
 Know'st thou how soon thy tomb shall drink the tears
 Of mourning kindred ? Thou, who thus dost stand
 Serene in youthful beauty, to yield back
 What God hath claim'd,—know'st thou how full the tide
 Of sympathy, that now thy bosom thrills
 For strangers,—in thine own paternal halls
 Shall flow for thee ?

And if thou could'st, the flush
 Would not have faded on thy glowing cheek,
 For thou had'st made the countenance of death
 Familiar as a friend, through Him who pluck'd
 The terror from his frown, and from his sting

The venom. At thine early tomb we bend,
 Taking that deep monition to our souls,
 Which through embowering verdure seems to sigh
 On every breeze—how frail is earth's best hope,
 And how immortal that, which roots in Heaven.

“HINDER THEM NOT.”

“‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and hinder them not.’
 But you hinder them by your example, and not by encouraging them.
 Their course ought to be upward:—do not hinder them.”

Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Seamen's Chapel, Boston.

LOCK'D in the bosom of the earth
 The little seed its heart doth stir,
 And quickening for its mystic birth,
 Bursts from its cleaving sepulchre,
 The aspiring head, the unfolding leaf,
 Exulting in their joyous lot,
 Turn grateful towards the Eye of Day,
 Hinder them not.

Thus, do the buds of being rise
 From cradle-dreams, like snow-drop meek,
 While through their mind-illumin'd eyes
 A deathless principle doth speak,
 Already toward a brighter sphere
 They turn, from this terrestrial spot,—
 Fond parents!—florists kind and dear!
 Hinder them not.

Hinder them not!—even Love may spare
 In blindness many a wayward shoot,—
 Or weakly let the usurping tare
 Divert the health-stream from their root,
 Oh! by that negligence supine
 Which oft the fairest page doth blot,
 And shroud the ray of light divine,
 Hinder them not.

Cold world!—the teachings of thy guile
 Awhile from these young hearts restrain;
 Oh spare that unsuspecting smile
 Which never must return again;
 By folly's wile, by falsehood's kiss
 Too soon acquir'd, too late forgot,
 By sins that shut the soul from bliss,
 Hinder them not.

SALE OF ARDENT SPIRITS BY CHRISTIANS.

THERE rose a cry of violence and pain,
 And of the earth I ask'd—if nought remained
 Amid her moral lazarus-house, to cleanse
 This vital taint, and make the leprous whole?
 —“Yea, she replied, *The followers of Christ!*—
 They are the purifying principle,
 The salt of earth.”

Then I beheld a flood
 Of dark corruption.—Far and wide it spread,—
 And many sported on its fatal brink,

Who never more to health and life return'd ;
 For he who plung'd, did strait forget his God,
 And curse himself, and die. Amaz'd I marked
 Some, who profess'd Christ's name, with eager toil
 Forming new channels for that baleful tide,
 As if to irrigate the scorching land
 With Etna's lava. Not of the dire fount
 They drank themselves,—nor to their offspring gave,—
 The pestilential draught ;—*they only prest*
Its venom to their weaker neighbor's lip
 Till the red plague-spot rankled in his soul.—
 Still, from their household altars, morn and even,
 Duly arose the prayer that God would change
 The sinner's heart,—and turn those erring feet
 Whose steps take hold on hell.

I saw the shroud
 Of pagan darkness, from the breast of earth
 Begin to melt away.

“ Who holds the lamp,
 Thus to illume thy midnight ?”—and again
 She answered, “ *Christians!*—for their master saith
 That like a city set upon a hill,
 Their light may not be hid.”

I look'd,—and lo !
 With warm, untiring zeal, they spread the wing
 Of strong benevolence, to bear the gift
 Of mercy to the heathen,—and to fill
 The idol-temples with Jehovah's praise.
 Yet some, while mov'd with purpose so sublime,
 Expansive and seraphic,—strangely sold
A poison to their brother,—though it sent

Despair's cold shuddering through the partner's heart
 Who wak'd and wept for him,—and on his babes
 Entail'd worse woes than orphanage.

Oh Thou !

Who giv'st us skill to read thy holy word,
 Grant us a heart to understand and feel
 That wealth obtain'd without the fear of God
 Is but an ill inheritance, and he
 Who hasteth to be rich, doth oft times fall
 'Mid hurtful snares, that drown the priceless soul
 In dark perdition. Break the dangerous chain
 Of Mammon from our spirit, that in love
 To all mankind, as well as love to Thee,
 With hands outstretch'd to pluck our brother's feet
 From the destroyer's net, and with the prayer,
 The never-ceasing prayer of penitence
 For our own errors, we may safely pass
 On through this evil world, to thy right hand.

HYMN FOR A CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION.

WIDOW ! long estrang'd from gladness,
 In thy cell so lonely made,
 Where chill Penury's cloud of sadness
 Adds to grief a sterner shade,
 Look ! the searching eye hath found thee,
 Pitying hearts confess thy claim,
 Bounteous spirits shed around thee
 Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Orphan ! in despondence weeping,
 Crush'd by want and misery dire,
 Or on lowly pallet sleeping,
 Dreaming of thy buried sire,
 Hands like his, combine to rear thee,
 Stranger-arms are round thee cast,
 And a Father ever near thee,
 Fits the shorn lamb to the blast.

Brethren ! by the precious token
 Which the sons of mercy wear,
 By the vows we here have spoken,
 Grav'd in truth, and seal'd with prayer,
 Penury's pathway we will brighten,
 Misery with compassion meet,
 And the heart of sorrow lighten,
 Till our own shall cease to beat.

THOUGHTS ON RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

THE listening ear the hallow'd strain
 Has caught from lips devoutly wise,
 But what my heart has been *thy* gain
 From all these precepts of the skies ?

Contrition's lesson have they taught ?
 The oft-forgotten vow renew'd ?
 Or gently touch'd thy glowing thought
 With the blest warmth of gratitude ?

Say, from the low delights of time
 Thy best affections have they won?
 Inciting thee with zeal sublime
 Earth's fleeting pilgrimage to run?

If not, how vain the band to join
 Who toward the house of God repair,
 To pour the song of praise divine
 Or kneel in pharasaic prayer;

And ah! how vain when Death's cold hand
 Shall sternly reap time's ripen'd field,
 How *worse than vain* when all must stand
 The last, the dread account to yield.

ON READING THE "REMAINS" OF REV. EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

Son of Wyoming's classic vale,
 By early Genius strongly mov'd,
 Whom lofty science bow'd to hail,
 And virtue from the cradle lov'd,
 Thou of high soul, and radiant brow
 Of manly beauty, *where art thou?*

Not near a mother's cherish'd side,
 Not by a sister's love carest,
 Nor listening to the parent-guide,
 Nor in fraternal converse blest,
 Still doth thy home the vestments wear
 Of Eden,—*but thou art not there.*

Not at Mount Cenis' stormy base,
Where crags on crags stupendous hurl'd,
And tower-crown'd cliffs portentous trace
The ruins of an elder world,
Where keenly gaz'd thy charmed eye
On Nature's cloud-wreath'd majesty.

Not at her feet,—that Queen of Earth,
Who left unsceptred and alone,
By mighty shades of warrior-birth,
Half slumbering on her seven-hill'd throne,
Still proudly takes, with palsied hand,
The homage of each pilgrim-land.

Not where thou best didst love to stand,
A herald for thy Saviour's name,
Dispensing to a listening band
High words of eloquence and flame,
Such as do burst from lip and soul,
Touch'd by the “altar's living coal.”

Yet, what are all the classic springs
That murmur thro' their ancient grove,
Or all the pomp that Nature brings
To wake the young enthusiast's love,
Or fond Affections strongest tie,
Weigh'd with their bliss in *Christ who die?*

THE BRIDE.

I CAME, but she was gone.

In her fair home,
There lay her lute, just as she touch'd it last,
At summer twilight, when the woodbine cups
Fill'd with pure fragrance. On her favorite seat
Lay the still open work-box, and that book
Which last she read, its pencil'd margin mark'd
By an ill-quoted passage,—trac'd, perchance,
With hand unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect, which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the cherish'd home,
Where from her childhood, she had been the star
Of hope and joy.

I came,—and she was gone.
Yet I had seen her from the altar led,
With silvery veil but slightly swept aside,
The fresh, young rose-bud deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence mid the gather'd throng.
The stranger, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath supprest, to see the mother's lip
Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire
Shrink as with smother'd sorrow, when he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far off clime.

Haply his thought
Travers'd the grass-grown prairies, and the shore
Of the cold lakes; or those o'erhanging cliffs

And pathless mountain tops, that rose to bar
 Her log-rear'd mansion from the anxious eye
 Of kindred and of friend. Even triflers felt
 How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
 That taking in its hand its thornless joys,
 The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
 Yea ! and its own life also,—lays them all,
 Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast
 Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
 Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth,
 A scene like this, ye laughter-loving ones ;—
 The licens'd jester's lip, the dancer's heel—
 What do they here ?

Joy, serious and sublime,
 Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
 Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
 Fill'd with life's dewy flow'rets, girdeth on
 That harness, which the ministry of Death
 Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
 May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES FOR CEYLON.

WAVE, wide Ceylon, your foliage fair,
 Your spicy fragrance freely strew ;
 See, Ocean's threatening surge we dare,
 To bear salvation's gift to you.

Hail! ye who long with faithful hand
 Have fondly till'd that favor'd soil,
 We come, we come, a brother-band
 To share the burden of your toil.

Land of our birth! we may not stay
 The ardor of hearts to tell,
 Friends of our youth! we dare not say
 How deep within our souls ye dwell.

But when the dead, both small and great
 Shall stand before the Judge's seat,
 When sea and sky and earthly state
 All like a baseless vision fleet,

The hope that then some heathen eye
 Thro' us, an angel's glance may raise,
 Bids us to vanquish nature's tie,
 And turn her parting tear to praise.

CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENTS IN AFRICA.

WINDS! what have ye gather'd from Afric's strand,
 As ye swept the breadth of that fragrant land?
 The breath of the spice-bud, the rich perfume
 Of balm and of gum and of flowret's bloom?
 "We have gather'd nought, save a pagan prayer,
 And the stifling sigh of the heart's despair."

Waves ! what have ye heard on that ancient coast
 Where Egypt the might of her fame did boast,
 Where the statue of Memnon saluted the morn,
 And the pyramids tower in their giant scorn ?
 " We have heard the curse of the slave-ship's crew,
 And the shriek of the chain'd as the shores withdrew."

Stars ! what have ye seen with the glancing eye
 From your burning thrones in the sapphire-sky !
 " We have mark'd young hope as it brightly glow'd,
 On Afric's breast whence the blood-drop flow'd,
 And we chanted the hymn which we sang at first,
 When the sun from the midnight of chaos burst."

DEATH.

" Death is the night of that day which is given us to work in.
 Happy the soul which Death finds rich, not in gold, furniture, learning, reputation, or barren purposes and desires, but in good works."

Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.

CHILL'D by the piercing blast,
 Or faint with vertic heat,
 The wearied laborer hails the night,
 And finds its slumber sweet,
 While they whom idle years
 Of luxury impair,
 Toss on the restless couch, or meet
 The dream of terror there.

The rich man moves in pomp,
 To him the world is dear,
 And every treasure twists a tie
 To bind him stronger here,

But he whose only gold
Is in the conscience stor'd
Is richer at the hour of death
Than with the miser's hoard.

When the short day of life
With all its work is done,
The faithful servant of the cross
Doth hail the setting sun,
But they who waste their breath,
Dread the accusing tomb,
And the time-killer flies from death
As from a murderer's doom.

So give us, Lord, to find
When earth shall pass away,
That Sabbath-evening of the mind
Which crowns a well-spent day
That entering to thy rest,
Where toils and cares are o'er,
We, with the myriads of the blest,
May praise Thee, evermore.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

"The Rev. Mr. George Herbert, in one of his walks to Salisbury, to join a musical society, saw a poor man, with a poorer horse, who had fallen under its load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped the poor man to unload, and raise the horse, and afterwards to load him again. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, admonishing him also, "if he loved himself, to be merciful to his beast." Then, coming to his musical friends, at Salisbury, they began to wonder, that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be always so trim and clean, should come into that company, so soiled and discomposed. Yet, when he told them the reason, one of them said, that he had "disparaged himself, by so mean an employment." But his answer was, that the thought of what he had done, would prove *music to him at midnight*, and that the omission of it, would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass that place. "For if, said he, I am bound to *pray* for all that are in distress, I am surely bound, so far as is in my power, to *practise* what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion, every day, yet would I not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and I praise God, for this opportunity. So now let us tune our instruments."

WHAT maketh music, when the bird
 Doth hush its merry lay ?
 And the sweet spirit of the flowers
 Hath sigh'd itself away ?
 What maketh music when the frost
 Enchains the murmuring rill,
 And every song that summer woke
 In winter's trance is still ?

What maketh music when the winds
 To wild encounter rise,
 When Ocean strikes his thunder-gong,
 And the rent cloud replies ?
 While no adventurous planet dares
 The midnight arch to deck,
 And in its startled dream, the babe
 Doth clasp its mother's neck ?

And when the fiercer storms of fate
 Do o'er the pilgrim sweep,
 And earthquake-voices claim the hopes
 He treasur'd long and deep,
 When loud the threatening passions roar
 Like lions in their den
 And vengeful tempests lash the shore,
 What maketh music then ?

The deed to humble virtue born,
 Which nursing memory taught
 To shun a boastful world's applause,
 And love the lowly thought,
 This builds a cell within the heart,
 Amid the weeds of care,
 And tuning high its heaven-struck harp,
 Doth make sweet music there.

FORBEARANCE WITH FRAILTY.

SCORN not the sinner, though her name
 May dregs of deep abhorrence stir,
 And though the kindling blush of shame
 Burns on young Virtue's cheek for her.

Judge not, unless thy lip can tell
 What wily tempters, fierce and strong
 Did the unguarded soul propel
 To ruin's hidden gulf along.

The downward road, how fearful steep,
The upward cliff, how hard to climb,
He only knows, whose records keep
The nameless countless grades of crime.

Scorn not the sinner, thou whose heart
In purpose pure is garner'd strong ;
Claims penitence with thee no part ?
Doth pride to mortal man belong ?

By all thy follies unforgiven,
Wert thou at death's dread hour accus'd
Even thou might at the gate of heaven,
In terror knock, and be refus'd.

BURIAL OF ASHMUN, AT NEW-HAVEN, AUG. 1828.

WHENCE is yon sable bier ?
Why move the throng so slow ?
Why doth that lonely mother's tear
In bursting anguish flow ?
Why is the sleeper laid
To rest in manhood's pride ?
How gain'd his cheek such pallid shade ?
I ask'd, but none replied.

Then spake the hoarse wave low,
The vexing billow sigh'd,
And blended sounds of bitter woe
Came o'er the echoing tide,

I heard sad Afric mourn
 Upon her sultry strand,
 A buckler from her bosom torn,
 An anchor from her hand.

Beneath her palm-trees' shade,
 At every cabin-door,
 There rose a weeping for the friend
 Who must return no more,
 Her champion when the blast
 Of ruthless war swept by,
 Her guardian, when the storm was past,
 Her guide to worlds on high.

Rest! wearied form of clay!
 Frail, ruin'd temple, rest!
 Thou could'st not longer bear the sway
 Of an immortal guest,
 Where high, yon classic dome,
 Uprears its ancient head,
 We give thee welcome to a home,
 Amid our noblest dead.

Spirit of Power, pass on!
 Thy upward wing is free,
 Earth may not claim thee for her son,
 She hath no charm for thee,
 Toil might not bow thee down,
 Nor Sorrow check thy race,
 Nor Pleasure steal thy birthright crown,
 Go to thine own blest place.

TOMB OF A YOUNG FRIEND AT MOUNT AUBURN.

I do remember thee.

There was a strain
Of thrilling music, a soft breath of flowers
Telling of summer to a festive throng,
That fill'd the lighted halls. And the sweet smile
That spoke their welcome, the high-warbled lay
Swelling with rapture through a parent's heart,
Were thine.

Time wav'd his noiseless wand awhile,
And in thy cherish'd home once more I stood,
Amid those twin'd and cluster'd sympathies
Where the rich blossoms of thy heart sprang forth,
Like the Moss Rose. Where was the voice of song
Pouring out glad and glorious melody ?—
But when I ask'd for thee, they took me where
A hallow'd mountain wrapt its verdant head
In changeful drapery of woods and flowers
And silvery streams, and where thou erst didst love,
Musing to walk, and lend a serious ear
To the wild melody of birds that hung
Their unharmed dwellings 'mid its woven bowers.
Yet here and there, involv'd in curtaining shades
Uprose those sculptur'd monuments, that bear
The ponderous warnings of Eternity.
So, thou hast past the unreturning gate,
Where dust with dust doth mingle, and gone down
In all the beauty of thy blooming years
To this most sacred city of the dead.
The granite obelisk and the pale flower

Reveal thy couch. Fit emblems of the frail,
And the immortal.

But that bitter grief
Which holds stern vigil o'er the mouldering clay,
Keeping long night-watch with its sullen lamp
Had fled thy tomb, and Faith did lift its eye
Full of sweet tears : for when warm tear-drops gush
From the pure memories of a love that wrought
For other's happiness and rose to take
Its own full share of happiness above,
Are they not sweet ?

NAHANT.

WHEN fervid summer crisps the shrinking nerve,
And every prisms rock doth catch the ray
As in a burning glass, 'tis wise to seek
This city of the wave. For here the dews
With which Hygeia feeds the flower of life
Are ever freshening in their secret founts.
Here may'st thou talk with Ocean, and no ear
Of gossip islet on thy words shall feed.
Send thy free thought upon the winged winds,
That sweep the castles of an older world,
And what shall bar it from their ivyed heights ?
— 'Tis well to talk with Ocean. Man may cast
His pearl of language on unstable hearts,
And thirstless sower ! reap the winds again.
But thou, all-conquering element, dost grave

Strong characters upon the eternal rock,
Furrowing the brow that holdeth speech with thee.
Musing beneath yon awful cliffs, the soul,
That brief shell-gatherer on the shore of time,
Feels as a brother to the drop that hangs
One moment trembling on thy crest, and sinks
Into the bosom of the boundless wave.
—And see, outspreading her broad, silver scroll,
Forth comes the moon, that meek ambassador,
Bearing Heaven's message to the mighty surge.
Yet he, who listeneth to its hoarse reply,
Echoing in anger through the channel'd depths,
Will deem its language all too arrogant,
And Earth's best dialect too poor to claim
Benignant notice from the star-pav'd skies,
And man too pitiful, to lift himself
In the frail armor of his moth-crush'd pride,
Amid o'ershadowing Nature's majesty.

THE CONQUERORS* OF SPAIN.

“There are still found in South America, some of the first conquerors of the New-World, who at the commencement of the sixteenth century, in searching for the rich mines that had been described to them, took a long and circuitous route among the mountains of Peru, and perished by the cold, which at once petrified and preserved them.”

Bomare.

WHY choose ye out such dizzy height
Amid yon drear domain,
Your ice-bound cell forever white,
Ye haughty men of Spain ?

The Condor on his mighty wing
 Doth scale your cloud-wreath'd walls,
 But to his screan their caverns ring,
 As from the cliff he falls.

The poor Peruvian scans with dread
 Your fix'd, and stony eye,
 The timid child averts his head,
 And faster hurries by,
 They from the fathers of the land
 Have heard your withering tale,
 Nor spare to mock the tyrant band
 Transform'd to statues pale.

Ye came to grasp the Indian's gold,
 Ye scorn'd his feathery dart,
 But Andes rose, that monarch old,
 And took his children's part,
 And with that strange embalming art
 Which ancient Egypt knew,
 He threw his frost-chain o'er your heart,
 As to his breast ye grew.

He chain'd you while strong manhood's tide
 Did through your bosoms roll,
 Upon your lip the curl of pride,
 And avarice in your soul,
 Strange slumber stole with mortal pang
 Across the frozen plain,
 And thunder-blasts your sentence rang,
 "Sleep and ne'er wake again."

Uprose the moon, the Queen of night
Danc'd with the Protean tide,
And years fulfill'd their measur'd flight,
And ripening ages died,
Slow centuries in oblivion's flood
Sank like the tossing wave,
But changeless and transfix'd ye stood,
The dead without a grave.

The infant wrought its flowery span
On Love's maternal breast,
And whiten'd to a hoary man,
And laid him down to rest,
Race after race, with weary moan
Went to their dreamless sleep,
While ye, upon your feet of stone,
Perpetual penance keep.

How little deem'd ye, when ye hurl'd
Your challenge o'er the main,
And vow'd to teach a new-born world
The vassalage of Spain,
Thus till the doom's-day cry of pain
Shall rive your prison-rock,
To bear upon your brow like Cain,
A mark that all might mock.

But long from high Castilian bowers
Look'd forth the inmates fair,
And gave the tardy midnight hours
To watching and despair,

Oft starting as some light guitar
 Its breath of sweetness shed,
 Yet lord and lover linger'd far
 Till life's brief vision fled.

Their vaunted tournament is o'er,
 Their knightly lance in rest,
 Ambition's fever burns no more
 Within their conquering breast,
 For high between the earth and skies,
 Check'd in their venturous path,
 A fearful monument they rise,
 Of Andes' vengeful wrath.

THE NEW-ZEALAND MISSIONARY.

"We cannot let him go. He says he is going to return to England, —the ship is here to take him away. But no,—we will keep him, and make him our slave; not our slave to fetch wood and draw water, but our *talking slave*. Yes.—he shall be our slave, to talk to and to teach us. Keep him we will."—*Speech of Rev. Mr. Yates, at the Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, London, May, 1835.*

'Twas night, and in his tent he lay,
 Upon a heathen shore,
 While wildly on his wakeful ear
 The ocean's billows roar;
 'Twas midnight, and the war-club rang
 Upon his threshold stone,
 And heavy feet of savage men
 Came fiercely tramping on.

Loud were their tones in fierce debate,
 The chieftain and his clan,

“ He shall not go,—he shall not go,
That missionary man ;
For him the swelling sail doth spread,
The tall ship ride the wave,
But we will chain him to our coast,
Yes, he shall be our slave :

Not from the groves our wood to bear,
Nor water from the vale,
Not in the battle-front to stand,
Where proudest foe-men quail,
Nor the great war-canoe to guide,
Where crystal streams turn red ;
But he shall be our slave to break
The soul its living bread.”

Then slowly peer'd the rising moon,
Above the forest-height,
And bathed each cocoa's leafy crown
In tides of living light :
To every cabin's grassy thatch
A gift of beauty gave,
And with a crest of silver cheer'd
Pacific's sullen wave.

But o'er that gentle scene, a shout
In sudden clangor came,
“ Come forth, come forth, thou man of God,
And answer to our claim :”
So down to those dark island-men,
He bow'd him as he spake,
“ Behold, your servant will I be
For Christ, my Master's sake.”

“GO, TELL PETER.”

“Go your way,—tell his disciples, *and Peter*, that He goeth before you, into Galilee.” *St. Mark* xvi. 7.

BUT wherefore *Peter*? He whose pride
 Dream'd on the monarch sea to tread,
 Whose traitor tongue with oaths denied
 His Master, in the hour of dread,
 Wherefore to *him* in accents sweet,
 Such words of heavenly solace bear,
 And not to those whose firmer feet
 Indignant foil'd the Tempter's snare?

Hark! from a risen Saviour's tomb,
 The guardian seraph makes reply,
 And sweet amid sepulchral gloom
 Flows forth the language of the sky,
 To teach us how the flame of love,
 With silent ministry sublime,
 May in repentant bosoms move,
 And neutralize a mass of crime.

So when some erring brother mourns,
 His recreant course, with grief severe,
 Haste, and with tender accent breathe
 The “*Go, tell Peter*,” in his ear,
 For angels soothe the pangs of woe
 That swell when contrite tears are shed,
 And pure as light, the pearl may glow
 That darkest slept in ocean's bed.

FELICIA HEMANS.

*May, 1835.***NATURE** doth mourn for thee.

There is no need
For Man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,
As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.
The little plant that never sang before,
Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,
Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves for thee,
As for a florist fallen. The ivy wreath'd
Round the grey turrets of a buried race,
And the tall palm that like a prince doth rear
Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
With their dim legends blend thy hallow'd name.
Thy music, like baptismal dew, did make
Whate'er it touch'd most holy. The pure shell,
Laying its pearly lip on Ocean's floor,
The cloister'd chambers, where the sea-gods sleep,
And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
Lament for thee, through all the sounding deeps.
Hark ! from snow-breasted Himmaleh, to where
Snowdon doth weave his coronet of cloud,
From the scath'd pine tree, near the red man's hut,
To where the everlasting banian builds
Its vast columnac temple, comes a moan
For thee, whose' ritual made each rocky height
An altar, and each cottage-home, the haunt
Of Poesy.

Yea, thou didst find the link
 That joins mute Nature to ethereal mind,
 And make that link a melody.

The couch

Of thy last sleep, was in the native clime
 Of song and eloquence and ardent soul,
 Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance, that isle
 So lov'd of favoring skies, yet bann'd by fate,
 Might shadow forth thine own unspoken lot.
 For at thy heart, the ever-pointed thorn
 Did gird itself, until the life-stream ooz'd
 In gushes of such deep and thrilling song,
 That angels poising on some silver cloud
 Might linger 'mid the errands of the skies,
 And listen, all unblam'd.

How tenderly

Doth Nature draw her curtain round thy rest,
 And like a nurse, with finger on her lip,
 Watch lest some step disturb thee, striving still
 From other touch, thy sacred harp to guard.
 Waits she thy waking, as the Mother waits
 For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep hath stolen
 And laid it dreaming on the lap of Heaven?
 We say not thou art dead. We dare not. No.
 For every mountain stream and shadowy dell
 Where thy rich harpings linger, would hurl back
 The falsehood on our souls. Thou spak'st alike
 The simple language of the freckled flower,
 And of the glorious stars. God taught it thee.
 And from thy living intercourse with man
 Thou shalt not pass away, until this earth
 Drops her last gem into the doom's-day flame.

Thou hast but taken thy seat with that blest choir,
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd so well
From this sublunar terrace, and so long
Interpreted.

Therefore, we will not say
Farewell to thee ; for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities.
The sage shall greet thee with his benison,
And Woman shrine thee as a vestal-flame
In all the temples of her sanctity,
And the young child shall take thee by the hand
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

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"1. That the souls of men do not die with their bodies.

"2. That the souls of men are *conscious* after death; that they do not sleep, as some have supposed, till the morning of the resurrection.

"3. That the righteous are taken to a place of happiness immediately at death, and the wicked consigned to misery.

"4. That wealth does not secure us from death.

"How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave.

"The rich, the beautiful, the gay, as well as the poor, go down to the grave. All their pomp and apparel; all their honors, their palaces and their gold cannot save them. Death can as easily find his way into the mansions of the rich as into the cottages of the poor, and the rich shall turn to the same corruption, and soon, like the poor, be undistinguished from common dust, and be unknown.

"5. We should not envy the condition of the rich.

"On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

"6. We should strive for a better inheritance, than can be possessed in this life.

"Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood,
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God."

"7. The sufferings of the wicked in hell will be indescribably great. Think what is represented by *torment*, by burning flame, by insupportable thirst, by that state when a single drop of water would afford relief. Remember that all this is but a representation of the pains of the damned, and that this will have no relief, day nor night, but will continue from

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year to year, and age to age, and without any end, and you have a faint view of the sufferings of those who are in hell.

"8. There is a place of suffering beyond the grave, a hell. If there is not, then this parable has no meaning. It is impossible to make anything of it unless it is designed to teach that.

"9. There will never be any escape from those gloomy regions. There is a gulf fixed—fixed, not moveable. Nor can any of the damned beat a pathway across this gulf, to the world of holiness.

"10. We see the amazing folly of those, who suppose there may be an end to the sufferings of the wicked, and who on that supposition seem willing to go down to hell to suffer a long time, rather than go at once to heaven. If man were to suffer but a thousand years, or even *one* year, why should he be so foolish as to choose that suffering, rather than go at once to heaven, and be happy at once when he dies?

"11. God gives us warning sufficient to prepare for death. He has sent his word, his servants, his son; he warns us by his Spirit and his providence, by the entreaties of our friends, and by the death of sinners. He offers us heaven, and he threatens hell. If all this will not move sinners, what *would* do it? There is nothing that would.

"12. God will give us nothing farther to warn us. No dead man will come to life, to tell us what he has seen. If he did, we would not believe him. Religion appeals to man, not by ghosts and frightful apparitions. It appeals to their reason, their conscience, their hopes, and their fears.—It sets life and death soberly before men, and if they will not choose the former they must die. If you will not hear the Son of God, and the truth of the Scriptures, there is nothing which you will or can hear; you will never be persuaded, and never will escape the place of torment."

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